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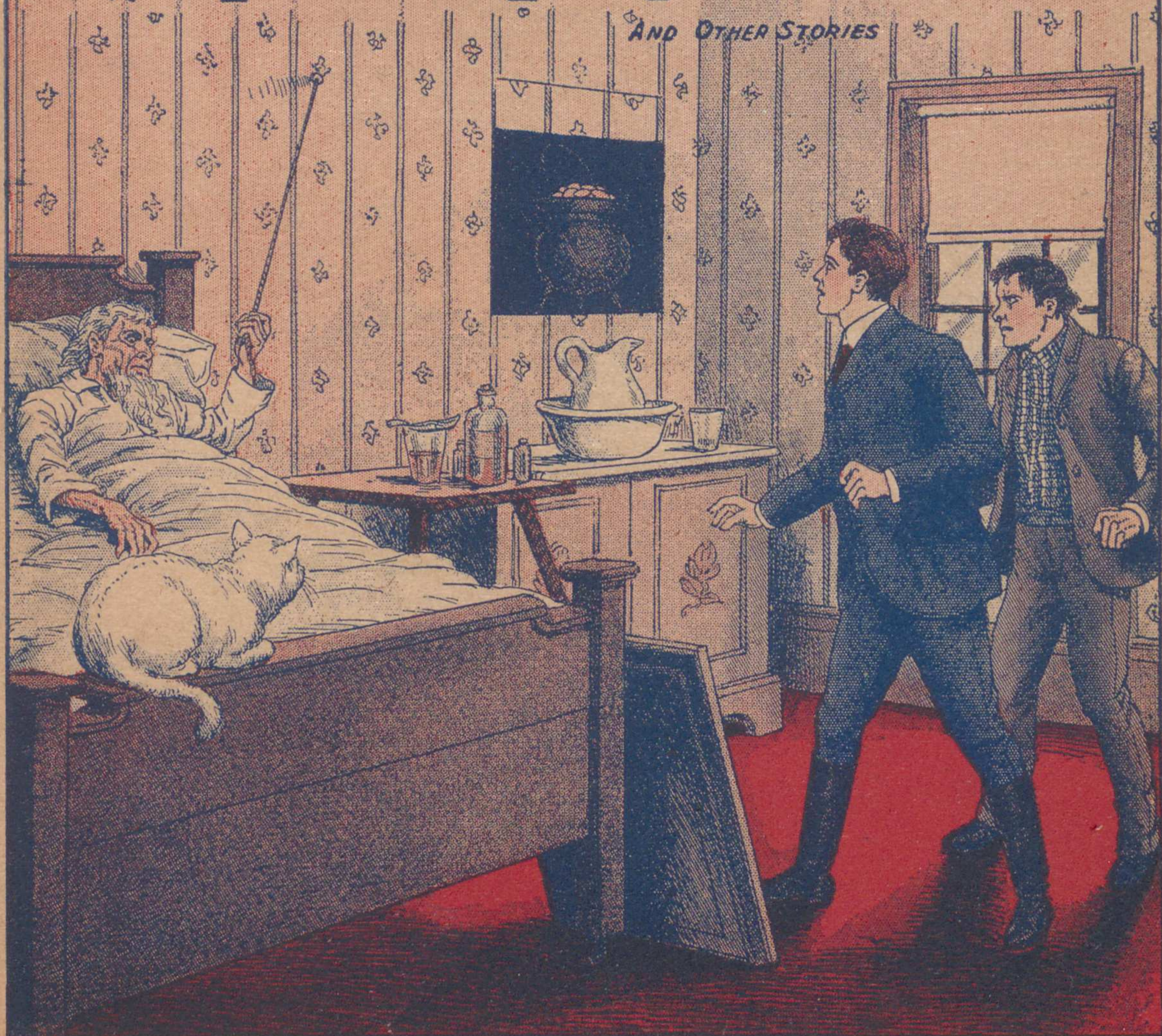
FAME

Price 8 Cents

**AND
FORTUNE WEEKLY.**
STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**A POT OF MONEY ;
OR, THE LEGACY OF A LUCKY BOY.** *By A SELF-MADE MAN.*

AND OTHER STORIES



"Look!" he exclaimed, giving the panel a tug. To the amazement of Dick and Bob a nicely-adjusted panel slid noiseless-ly, exposing a recess in the wall. A three-legged iron pot full of glittering coin stood exposed.

Read Page 24 for Radio News and Hints.

FA ME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1925

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A POT OF MONEY

OR, THE LEGACY OF A LUCKY BOY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Wild Night on the Coast.

"It's a wild night, Rachel," said Isaac Bloom, trying to peer through the thick pane of a window that looked seaward from a little weather-beaten cottage on the summit of Bird Point, a promontory that projected into the Atlantic Ocean upon the rugged and surf-lashed coast of the State of Maine. "Yes," he continued, "there have been many wild nights on this coast since we came here to live, Rachel, but none wilder than the anniversary of this day, twelve years ago, when the yacht Sunbeam went ashore on these rocks and all perished except," he paused, as if something had gripped him by the throat, "that boy," he added after a moment.

The woman, the only other occupant of the room, who was laying the table for the evening meal, did not answer, but she seemed to catch her breath, and a shudder ran through her frame. She was not a pleasant-looking woman, this Rachel Bloom. She was old and haggard, and her features were hard and unsympathetic. Neither was Isaac Bloom a cheerful-looking man. He was old, too, and just as haggard as his wife. The man turned from the window and went to the yawning open fireplace where part of a log supported a heap of blazing driftwood he had gathered from the shore.

Such a fire, diffusing a cheerful glow, looked comfortable on a night like this. There was no satisfaction in the old man's face, however, as he half-crouched over the flames and warmed his skinny, mahogany-hued hands in the heat. The wind pounced upon the cottage at intervals like a terrier might a rat, and shook the building just as roughly, but it seemed not to affect either the old man or his wife. The cottage was a rambling one-story structure consisting of several rooms, of which the one in question was the principal, or living, room.

Behind it, and extending into a hollow of a section of the cliff, was a long room used for sleeping purposes by the occupants of the house, being roughly partitioned off in sections; while a small L to one side was provided with a stove and cooking utensils.

In the kitchen at that moment were two boys—one a bright, good-looking and open-featured

youth of seventeen, known as Dick Adams, who had evidently come of good stock; the other a rough, sandy-complexioned boy of sixteen, named Bob Smithers, who showed that he sprang from a very humble order of society. There was all the difference in the world between the boys, and yet they were sworn friends and comrades.

"It's goin' to be a tough night on the water," said Smithers, who, in common with the old man in the next room, had been trying to pierce the seascape from a single-paned window, but with no more success, to Dick Adams, who was cooking a mess of fish and some fried potatoes on the stove.

"I'll bet it will," replied Dick, cheerfully, for nothing seemed to disturb his sunny disposition.

"The old man has his customary grouch on to-night," said Bob, turning from the window and looking at his companion.

"I know he has," replied Dick. "I've noticed it is always worse when the wind pipes from the sou'-east."

"And the direction of the wind seems to have the same effect on the old woman," answered Smithers, with a grin, as if the fact didn't worry him greatly.

"Just as the new moon has a bad effect on some people, so I've heard," said Dick, as he turned the potatoes in the pan.

"That's right. Old Jack Pilchard in the cove is always affected when the moon is young. He acts crazy for more'n a week, then he gets over it and is all right till the next new moon. Funny, isn't it?"

"It is kind of strange. As for the old man Bloom and his wife," added Dick, in a kind of mysterious stage whisper, after casting a wary glance at the door, "I think it isn't the wind, but a case of conscience with them."

"Conscience!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes. Something that the wind from the sou'-east reminds them of."

"Do you know what that is?"

"No, I don't."

"And yet you've lived with them for twelve years, ever since you was a little kid."

"I have."

"You ought to have been able to size 'em up pretty well in that time."

"As they've treated me pretty well, all things considered, I've never tried to find out what wasn't my business."

"But if there was anythin' wrong about 'em I should think you'd have got a line on it. You know they've got an awful hard reputation in the village. I've heard people say——"

Smithers broke off suddenly and began to whistle, for Rachel Bloom appeared in the doorway at that moment and walked over to the stove.

"The fish and potatoes are done to a turn, Mother Rachel," said Dick, with a furtive glance at her forbidding face. "Shall I dish them up?"

The old woman nodded.

"Here, Bob, get busy," said Dick. "Carry the fish inside and I'll follow with the potatoes."

The boys started in single file for the living-room, and Rachel Bloom followed with the teapot. Then Dick went back for the bread and Bob accompanied him. At that moment a tremendous gust shook the cottage to its foundations, and the rain began to patter against the window.

"I guess we won't go down to the village to-night, Dick," remarked Bob.

"Well, I don't know. I promised Lou I'd call and see her."

"Well, if you go I'll go, of course. I wouldn't stay alone with the old man and his wife when the wind's from the sou'-east for a farm," said Bob, with a grimace.

"I don't blame you, Bob. They look as ugly as sin to-night."

"I should say they do. You don't seem afraid of them at any stage of the game."

"Why should I? No matter how surly they are at times they never say a word to me. I can go and come when I choose, and they never make a kick."

"Yes, they treat you first-rate. Been a kind of father and mother to you ever since the old man picked you up on the beach below, a waif of the sea, twelve years ago. How came he to call you Dick Adams? Why not Dick Bloom?"

"Because he told me that was my name."

"How did he know 'twas your name? You were the only one that came ashore after the wreck of some craft. At least so I've heard my old man say."

"And how did your father know I was the only one?"

"Isaac Bloom told him and others so."

"Well, the old man ought to know, seeing he was on the beach that night."

"And he was the only one who was on that section of the shore at the time."

"Which goes to prove that he is the only one who should know the particulars. Take the bread in and we'll have our supper. I'm hungry."

"So am I, but I'd rather eat in here with you if I could."

"Well, we can't eat in here very well, so start ahead."

Isaac Bloom and his wife were already at the table and had helped themselves. The boys sat down and helped themselves. The meal proceeded in silence. When the meal was finished the boys carried the dishes into the kitchen and washed them, while the old woman tidied up the living-room, and Isaac himself drew a chair up before the open fireplace and lit his pipe.

"Have you decided to call on Lou Baker to-

night?" asked Bob, as he polished the plates one after the other.

"I have. The gale seems to be holding pretty steady now. It isn't more than half a one, anyway. It has almost stopped raining, too."

"Then I'm with you."

The boys cleaned things up and passed into the back room for their oilskins. These they donned and returned to the living-room.

"I'm going down to the village, Mother Rachel," said Dick, "and Bob is going with me. We're going to call at the Bakers'."

The old woman, who had taken a chair on the side of the fireplace opposite to her husband, merely nodded. At that moment, as they turned to go, another fierce gust caused the cottage to rock and tremble, and in the midst of it there came a loud knocking at the door.

CHAPTER II.—The Stranger.

Dick opened the door, admitting a gust of cold air and a stranger. He was an elderly man, muffled up to his chin in a thick overcoat, with a soft black hat pulled down over his forehead, and in his hand he carried a stout traveling bag. He was pretty thoroughly drenched by the rain, however, and his face looked red from the flogging the wind had administered to it.

"I am a stranger in these parts," said the visitor, "and crave shelter until the storm is over. I am prepared to pay liberally for the accommodation."

Isaac Bloom and his wife had both looked up when the knocking came to the door, and they had regarded the stranger's entrance with very black looks, but when he said he was willing to pay for such accommodation as they were willing to extend to him they both cast a searching look at the man and then their eyes met significantly. The old man got up with unwonted agility for him, and, advancing to the visitor, said that he could remain, as he would not turn a dog out on such a night. The visitor handed him the hat, but the bag he held on to, placing it between his feet, while Dick assisted him off with his overcoat, and Bob pushed a chair before the blazing hearth. Dick hung the soaked coat up where the heat would soon dry it and was turning to leave the cottage when the stranger looked at him in the full glare of the light. He uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and half rose in his chair, as his eyes fixed themselves on Dick's face. Dick stared at the stranger in some surprise, and consequently did not notice the effect produced on Isaac and Rachel Bloom. Bob Smithers, however, noticed their sudden consternation, and wondered what had occasioned it.

"What is your name, boy?" asked the stranger, in an eager, tense way.

"My name, sir? Dick Adams."

A look of disappointment came over the man's features and he sat down again.

"How like," he murmured inaudibly. "How like."

"Come along, Bob, it's time we were going," said Dick, making for the door, which presently closed behind them both.

"Say, Dick, what was the matter? What caused

that man to rise in his chair and look at you in such a funny way?" said Bob.

"How should I know? I never saw him before in my life."

"He must have known somebody that looked exactly like you, for he asked you your name just as if he expected to recognize you."

"They say everybody has his double in this world," laughed Dick. "I suppose he's met mine somewhere, and he took me for that person at first sight."

The boys walked on a while in silence. The rain had ceased for the time being, but the roar of the gale still continued, though the trees broke its force as far as the boys were concerned.

"I'm glad I'm not out on the water to-night," said Dick, at length.

"Me, too," replied Bob. "It was in just this sort of gale that my old man went down with his crew on the sloop. If mother was alive she'd have the blues to-night."

"I suppose it was the sea that made an orphan of me, too," said Dick, soberly.

"I wouldn't be surprised. The people in the village seem to think that way; but old Bloom is so close-mouthed that nobody has been able to find out anything about you except that you were washed up on the rocks during a heavy gale when you were five years old. Hasn't the old man ever told you anything?"

"Nothing except what you have just said. I asked him what kind of a vessel it was that was wrecked at the time but he said he didn't know. I asked him if anybody else came ashore but me, and he said no. So I guess the mystery which surrounds me will always remain one."

"Seems that way if Bloom really knows nothing."

"He and Mother Rachel have always treated me pretty well, but they are so queer in their ways at times that I'm getting tired of living with them."

"Are you thinkin' of leavin' them?" asked Bob, in some surprise.

"Well, I want to go out into the big world and make my own way. This kind of life I'm leading doesn't suit me at all."

"Are you thinkin' of shippin' aboard a fishing craft?"

"Not on your life, Bob. The sea has no charms for me. If I was sure that it made a nameless orphan of me I should hate it."

"I wouldn't blame you much."

"There's one thing that puzzles me, however," went on Dick.

"What's that?"

"The old man hinted one day to me that when he and Mother Rachel are dead that I'll be well provided for."

"By whom?" asked Bob, in some astonishment.

"That's what I couldn't make out. He wouldn't give me any satisfaction. All he would say was that I should come into a pot of money."

"Where is this pot of money coming from?"

"That's what I asked him, but he shook his head and was silent."

"He's off his chump, I guess."

They were now descending a sheltered part of the cliff by a rude path which led to the village, at the upper end of which, near the church, was the best dwelling in the place, the home of a

retired and well-to-do fisherman named Samuel Baker. Mr. Baker was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, who had begun life as a boy on a mackerel smack, when this fish was almost exclusively hunted for on the Grand Banks. He saved his money and in time bought an interest in a sloop, then the whole sloop, then an interest in a second, and soon after a third. Now he owned half the vessels that sailed out of Oldport, and lived like a king, at his ease. His greatest treasure, however, was his fifteen-year-old daughter Louise, known and addressed as Lou.

She was the great attraction for every boy who had spunk enough to make up to her, but there was only one lad she cared anything for, and that was Dick Adams. She recognized that he was turned out of a different mold from the other boys who had been born and brought up in Oldport. The very fact that his origin was involved in an impenetrable mystery attracted her to him as nothing else perhaps would. Her father also recognized the lad's excellent qualities that made him the peer of his companions, and acquired a strong liking for him. The only thing that was at all against Dick was the fact that he lived with, and was consequently considered as one of, the Blooms and the Blooms bore a mighty scaly reputation in Oldport. Nevertheless, Dick managed to conquer the early antipathy the villagers evinced toward him on account of his undesirable connections, and he had now become an acknowledged favorite.

Samuel Baker and his good wife saw ere long that a growing fondness existed between Dick and their daughter Lou, but instead of trying to nip it in the bud, they said nothing and let things take their course. That's where he and Bob were bound to-night, prepared to spend a pleasant evening, for Miss Lou was bright and vivacious, and knew how to entertain her visitors whenever they came. So it was no surprise to her when Dick and Bob appeared in their oilskins, like a couple of young men from the sea, and welcomed them just as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should call on such a night.

CHAPTER III.—The Hospitality of the Blooms.

After Dick and Bob had left the cottage on the cliff, Isaac and Rachel Bloom laid themselves out to entertain their unexpected visitor. Rachel went into the kitchen, stirred up the expiring embers in the stove, and prepared a cup of steaming hot tea for the stranger. She also cooked a fresh fish and set out one end of the table for his special accommodation. The visitor expressed his gratitude for the service they were rendering him, and said he would insist on paying for it, for he was well able to do so, whereupon Isaac and Rachel looked at each other again, and the smile that irradiated their uncouth features for a moment was not a pleasant nor a reassuring one. The warmth of the room and the apparent hospitality of the Blooms encouraged the stranger to talk. He said that his name was John Fisher; that he was a lawyer by profession, and lived in Boston, where he had a lucrative business.

"An important matter brings me down to this part of Maine," he said, after he had finished his meal, which gave him great satisfaction, as he had

been very hungry. "I want to pick up some information about a marine disaster which I have only lately discovered happened somewhere along this coast about twelve years ago. I refer to the wreck of the private yacht Sunbeam."

As the words left his mouth a kind of spasm crossed the features of both Isaac and Rachel Bloom, and each shot a look at the lawyer that seemed to bode him no good.

"How long have you lived in this cottage, Mr. Bloom?" asked the visitor.

It was a moment or two before the old man could frame an answer to the question, and the gentleman was about to repeat it, thinking he might be deaf, when Isaac mumbled out: "Ten years."

Mr. Fisher was clearly disappointed by the reply.

"Did you live anywhere else in this neighborhood prior to your occupancy of this cottage?"

"No."

"Then I suppose you know nothing whatever about the wreck of the Sunbeam?"

"Nothing at all."

"Too bad," replied the lawyer, earnestly. "I was in hopes that you might be able to throw some light on my quest."

"How are you interested in the wreck of the yacht Sunbeam?"

"Because an old friend, who was a client of mine, his wife and little boy, were aboard of that vessel. After the yacht failed to turn up within a reasonable time, efforts were made by me, and others interested in their fate, to find out what had happened to the vessel; but until recently not the faintest clew ever came to hand that would throw light on the mystery of her disappearance. It was concluded that she had foundered at sea, and all on board lost, and after the lapse of what was considered a sufficient time, my friend's estate was administered on, and became the property of a distant relative."

"Then the owner of the yacht was a rich man, eh?" asked Isaac, eagerly.

"He was before the disaster. Unfortunately for the heir who succeeded to what he left behind him, the greater part of his wealth was aboard the Sunbeam at the time she foundered."

"The greater part of his wealth?" repeated the old man.

"Exactly. A matter of a hundred thousand dollars in gold coin, the proceeds of a treasure-hunting expedition in a certain spot, which shall be nameless. The sea gave up the money, and then, as it appears, reclaimed it, with interest."

"You say that you lately obtained a clew to—"

Isaac Bloom paused and looked fixedly at the lawyer. So also did Rachel.

"A week ago I received a letter from a man signing himself Peter Vandegrift—"

"Who!" gasped Isaac Bloom, his face turning a sickly green, while Rachel seemed as if she was going to have a fit.

"Peter Vandegrift," went on the lawyer, who was looking into the fire and did not observe the agitation of the Blooms. "He asked me to meet him at the Sheet Anchor Inn in the village of Oldport on a certain date that he mentioned. He said that he had heard that I was interested in the fate of the yacht Sunbeam, which he af-

firmed foundered off the Maine coast near Oldport. He said that if I was willing to pay him well for the information he could tell me something about the loss of the said yacht that would open my eyes."

"He said that, did he?" asked Isaac Bloom, in a hard voice, while a vindictive look rested on his features.

"He did. So I came on, prepared to make terms with him."

At those words the Blooms cast a significant glance at the traveling bag under their visitor's chair, and then at each other.

"As I have no desire to pay money needlessly," continued the lawyer, "I thought I'd make a quiet investigation on my own hook in the neighborhood before presenting myself before this Vandegrift, who may be a scoundrel for aught I know to the contrary. I left the adjacent town of Macchias this afternoon, and as the day looked pleasant enough then, I decided to walk down to Oldport. How far is Oldport from here?"

"It's some distance," replied Isaac, after a glance at his wife. "You couldn't go there to-night in this gale."

"Then what am I to do?" asked the lawyer, in a perplexed tone.

"You are welcome to stay here. My wife will make you up a bed in this room. In the morning I will guide you to Oldport."

"I presume I will have to accept your kind offer, for which I am grateful. But, as I said before, you shall be handsomely repaid for your trouble. You look, pardon me for saying so, as if a five-dollar note would not come amiss, and so it will give me great pleasure in presenting you with one."

"You haven't mentioned the name of the owner of the Sunbeam, who was lost, as this man Vandegrift says, off this coast," said Isaac Bloom, at length.

"His name was Warren, Jack Warren, and his little son was Jack, Jr. By the way, that boy, I think he said that his name was Dick Adams, who admitted me and then left with a companion, bears a most astonishing likeness to Mr. Warren. He's about the age, too, that Master Jack would be now if he had lived. Does he live here?"

The old man put his hand to his throat and then said "Yes."

"Not your son?" asked the lawyer, with a sharp look.

"No. My nephew."

"Do you know anything about this man Peter Vandegrift?"

"I know him to be a scoundrel," replied Isaac Bloom, harshly.

"In what respect?"

"In every respect," answered the old man, fiercely.

"Well, that's pleasant. I see that I will have to be on my guard in any dealings I may have with him. What's his business?"

"He's the keeper of the lightship off the Shoals."

"What Shoals?"

"The Cinders."

"Why so called?"

"Because a British warship went ashore on 'em in 1813, took fire, and burnt to the water's edge."

"And that's why they're called The Cinders. Singular name, upon my word."

"I'll mix you a glass of toddy," Bloom said, with a peculiar look at Rachel, which she understood and nodded. "Then you can turn in, for it's getting late, and we usually go to bed early."

"Thank you," replied the lawyer. "I am rather partial to a glass of hot spirits myself, but I thought," with a dry laugh, "that such a thing was not to be found in Maine, for it is a prohibition State."

The old man made no reply, but went to a cupboard, where he stood for a few moments with his back to his visitor, while Rachael busied herself with bringing into the room one of the mattresses they used on their own bed, and a sheet and blanket, together with a coarse pillow. She made the bed within range of the fire's glow, and then left the room. Presently she returned with a steaming kettle and poured the water into the three glasses, one of which stood a little apart from the others, into which her husband poured some of the contents of a round-bellied stone jug. He stirred each of the glasses, after adding a little sugar, and then pushed one toward his wife, a second he took himself, and the one which had stood apart he handed to their visitor.

"You will sleep sound after drinking that," he said, with a meaning look at Rachel.

"I dare say," replied Mr. Fisher, laughingly. "I ought to after the tramp I've had this afternoon." With that he put the glass to his lips.

CHAPTER IV.—The Crime And The Blunder.

Isaac and Rachel Bloom watched the lawyer out of the corner of their eyes as he drained his glass, smacked his lips to express his satisfaction, and then handed the empty glass back to the old man.

"That's good liquor," he remarked, "and goes to the right spot."

"Yonder is your bed," said Isaac Bloom. "You can retire to it at once if you wish for we are going to bed."

"Thank you. Good-night," replied Mr. Fisher. In another moment he was alone.

"What a lonesome spot for a house," said the lawyer to himself. "And how bleak in the winter. Hark, how the wind blows! It must have been just such a night that the Sunbeam went ashore on this coast, and that was twelve years ago. Dear me, I'm beginning to feel uncommonly sleepy," added the Boston man, with a yawn. "What startling resemblance that boy Dick Adams bears to dead and gone Jack Warren. One would think he really was Warren's son. And the yacht went ashore near here, too. If it wasn't that the man said that the lad was his nephew, I'd have a strong suspicion that it was Master Jack, Jr., who had been saved from the sea. Dear me, my head seems to be going around. That must have been uncommonly strong liquor. Yet it oughtn't to have such an effect on me, for I am used to spirits. At least one glass shouldn't—what can be the matter with me? My head is buzzing like a sawmill. I must have overexerted myself, or perhaps I've caught a severe cold in the rain. That must be it."

He nearly fell over the chair as he reached for his bag.

"Lord, how dizzy I am! I had better put this bag under my pillow."

He started toward the bed while speaking to himself, but instead of reaching the head of it at which he aimed he stumbled over the foot and fell at full length on it with the grip still in his fingers. He made an ineffectual attempt to get up, and then lay still, staring stupidly at the ceiling. After a few minutes his eyes closed and he began to breathe heavily. The lamp, which had been partly turned down by the old man before he left the room, threw a dull gleam on the lawyer's now expressionless features. Ten minutes passed away, and then the door of the sleeping-room was opened and Isaac Bloom came out in his stocking feet. He looked down upon his victim with malicious satisfaction. Then to make sure that John Fisher was past all sense of feeling he bent over and shook him roughly by the shoulder. He got no response and was satisfied.

"Come out, Rachel," he said. "It's all right."

The old woman immediately made her appearance.

"The door—have you fastened it?" she asked.

"I forgot," he replied, impatiently. "Do you attend to it."

She walked quickly to the door and turned the key in the lock. Then she joined her husband, who was unclasping the lawyer's fingers from the handle of the bag.

"What a grip he has on it! One would think it was filled with gold."

"I hope we shall find enough money to repay us for our trouble," she said, with a gleam of avarice in her eyes.

Searching the lawyer's pockets, Isaac found a bunch of keys, and one of them fitted the lock of the traveling-bag. In a moment it was open, and the old man's hand brought to light a package of bank bills.

"Ah, they look good!" exclaimed Rachel, making a swoop at them with her talon-like fingers. "There must be a thousand dollars in that package."

"We have no time to count them now. Hide them, quick, while I look after him. He'll sleep sound enough to-night, I'll warrant you, and for many nights hereafter, for it is his last sleep."

"Must more blood be shed, and on this night of all others?" cried Rachel, with a shudder.

"It must be, else he would learn enough in the village to-morrow to show him that I lied about the boy. The likeness of the lad to his father has already impressed him. As soon as he hears that the boy was found by me on the shore this night twelve years ago he will know at once that the craft which came on the rocks was the yacht Sunbeam. Lawyers are always suspicious. He would cross-examine us as to why we concealed the truth from him. One suspicion would lead to another until, perhaps, he would institute a search of the cottage to see what more he could learn. Then the gold——"

"Over the cliff with him. I care not," exclaimed Rachel, fiercely. "Our gold must never be touched by others. It is ours to count and gloat over; to fondle and love. We are rich, yes, very rich; but no one must know that—no one but us. When we are dead——"

"It shall be a legacy for the boy."

"But we're not going to die yet, Isaac. Not for a long time—a very long time. We must count that gold over many times more, and think what we could buy with it. But we'll never spend it. No, no, we'll never part with a single coin—not one."

The old man turned the light down, went to the door, unlocked it and peered out. He saw nothing but intense darkness. Leaving the door open, he returned to the mattress, grasped the insensible lawyer in his arms, dragged him across the floor and thence out into the gloom of the night. In a few minutes he returned alone.

"Ah! the bag—I forgot that. It must follow him."

He carried the valise outside and presently returned without it. Shutting the door, he dragged the mattress back into the sleeping-room, and afterward carried in the sheet, blanket and pillow. Then he went to the window and tried to look out on the ocean. At that moment the door flew open and Dick and Bob entered the room. Isaac Bloom started for the sleeping-room, but Dick stopped him.

"The stranger is stopping here to-night, is he? Did you put him in our bed?"

"Stopping here? No, indeed; he is gone."

"Gone where?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"To—the village."

"To the village! And left his hat and overcoat?" exclaimed the boy, pointing to the two articles still hanging where they had been put to dry.

Isaac Bloom's jaws dropped and he turned livid with consternation, for those tell-tale articles of John Fisher's attire had quite escaped his attention.

CHAPTER V.—Into the Sea.

Dick and Bob regarded the old man's agitation with no little amazement.

"What is the matter, Mr. Bloom?" asked Dick. "What has happened?"

"Nothing—nothing," fluttered Isaac, hardly knowing what he said, so dumbfounded was he by this discovery of his dreadful blunder.

"Nothing! Something must have happened," insisted Dick. "Where is the gentleman?"

"I don't know," gasped the old man.

At that moment Rachel appeared in the inner doorway.

"Hoity! What's all this talk about?" she asked, sharply, looking at her husband for an explanation.

"Mother Rachel, do you know where the stranger is who took refuge here just before Bob and I left?" asked Dick, eagerly.

"Why, what have you to do with the stranger?" asked the old woman, with clouded brow and disturbed manner.

"Nothing," replied Dick, "except it is singular he should not be in the house when his hat and coat are here."

She comprehended the situation and threw a furious look at her trembling husband.

"He can't have gone far and left his hat and coat, Isaac," said Rachel. "Do you and the boys take a lantern and search the cliff. Perhaps he may have fallen over in the dark," she added, pointedly.

A lantern was lighted and Isaac, followed by the two boys, went outside and partially examined the bleak plateau in front of the cottage. They could only do this on their hands and knees, on account of the sweep of the wind, and there was only one spot, where a row of stunted cedars bent before the gale, that they were able to approach the edge of the cliff. It was from this place the old man had pushed the unconscious lawyer over and then sent his traveling-bag after him. There were no signs of the missing stranger. Dick, taking the lantern, pursued the investigation as far as the wood, but without result.

"I'm afraid he's gone to his death," Dick observed to Bob. "What could have induced him to come outside in this gale?"

"It's dead queer," replied Bob, shaking his head, solemnly.

"Shall we risk going down the path to the shore?" asked Dick. "We may find some evidence to show that he was blown from the cliff."

Down to the surf-swept beach they started. It was not an easy or a safe trip even for these boys, who knew every inch of the way with their eyes shut. The wind pinned them to the rocks one moment and the next threatened to tear them from their foothold. However, they accomplished the short journey in safety and presently their lantern was flashing like a will-o'-the-wisp along the beach.

"What's that?" exclaimed Bob, suddenly, pointing to an object lying between two rocks.

"Why, it's the stranger's traveling-bag!" cried Dick, when they got close to it.

"So it is. Wide open and not a thing in it. This is getting more and more mysterious. The man left the cottage without hat or coat, but with his traveling-bag. I don't understand what he could have been about. Do you think he was crazy?"

"I don't know; but it was the act of a crazy man."

"I should think the old man would have stopped him."

"Mr. Bloom doesn't seem to know anything about the matter."

"But when you asked him where the stranger was he said he'd gone to the village. Why did he say that if he didn't know where the man had gone, as he afterward claimed? What made him look so startled when you called his attention to the visitor's hat and coat? I hate to say what I think, Dick, but it's my opinion that the old man knows a deal more than he will admit."

"Well, Bob, I don't see that it's worth while remaining here any longer. There isn't much doubt but that the stranger tumbled or jumped off the cliff, and his body is tossing about somewhere in the water."

"I guess you're right," replied Smithers, getting on his feet. Let's go."

They started upward and had accomplished half of the distance when suddenly and without warning a portion of the cliff to which Dick was clinging detached itself from its base and fell into a submerged part of the beach. A giant roller coming in at the moment seized the boy and the undertow carried him a dozen yards from the shore. Bob observed the catastrophe with the greatest consternation, but he was powerless to do anything for his chum.

CHAPTER VI.—Saved from the Sea.

Though the wind was blowing dead on the coast, the tide was on the ebb, and it bore Dick Adams farther and farther from the beach every moment. It would only have been a question of minutes when the boy would have had to throw up the sponge if aid hadn't unexpectedly come to him in the shape of the trunk of a tree which the waves had sucked from the beach. A drowning man will catch at a straw, it is said, and impelled by that principle, Dick flung his arms around the tree-trunk, and throwing one leg across it clung, well nigh exhausted, for dear life.

On the top of a foam-crested billow one moment, in the hollow between two big waves the next, Dick was being drawn steadily out to sea. The flow of the tide was carrying him in a direct line for The Cinders, where the bright eye of the lightship shone strong and clear through the darkness.

It seemed to him as if he had been hours tossing about on the angry Atlantic, when, raising his head to shake the moisture from his eyes, he beheld the giant reflector of the floating light near at hand. The dark blot right ahead he realized was the lightship shone strong and clear through the darkness.

It seemed to him as if he had been hours tossing about on the angry Atlantic, when, raising his head to shake the moisture from his eyes, he beheld the giant reflector of the floating light near at hand. The dark blot right ahead he realized was the lightship. Beyond it was nothing but the broad ocean. He had little hope but that he would be swept past the anchored vessel, or dashed to his death against its hard, oaken sides. The Cinders shoals was some little distance to the leeward. Another minute passed and then the stationary light was almost above his head.

He saw that he would miss the vessel by a few yards. Suddenly the log struck something hard and he was wrenched off into the sea. He threw up his arms, despairingly, as the water closed above his head, and his fingers came in contact with one of the chain cables by which the craft was moored. He twisted his legs around the cable, which shot from the lightship into the sea like a taut tight-rope, and shinned his way up a yard or two until he was clear above the waves. Then he had to stop for breath.

In a few minutes he began again to work his way upward, and went on for a yard or so more. Thus by degrees he approached the hawser-hole through which the great chain passed. His position was not even in a remote sense encouraging, for the tossing of the vessel made his hold on the chain extremely precarious, and apparently there was little hope of attracting the notice of any one on board.

As he spoke the end of a rope, flying loose over the bows, was blown around him. He grabbed it by one hand, recognized what it was, and taking a chance, clung with his legs alone to the cable while he tied the rope about his waist. Then he swung himself off the chain and went slap against the vessel's bows. The shock almost knocked the little remaining breath out of his body.

He could not fall, however, and quickly recovering himself he clambered hand-over-hand up the rope till he was able to seize the low rail above the forecastle deck with his hands, throw one leg over it and then, as the craft rose on a huge wave, he was pitched half a dozen yards along the deck. There he lay, gasping and drenched upon the unsteady deck for several minutes.

Above him and close at hand was the great, glowing lantern, throwing its broad beams of light into the four quarters of the compass, and warning the mariners abroad in their neighborhood of the proximity of The Cinders shoals. Dick sat up and rubbed the salt water out of his eyes. Then he looked around him.

Dick got on his legs and started toward the cabin of the lightship.

"I wonder what kind of welcome I shall get from Vandegrift and his crew? I have heard strange stories about the way in which they have treated several men who found their way aboard this craft in dirty weather. I can't believe that such stories have actual foundation in fact, else the government that maintains this floating beacon would have instituted a searching investigation. Still, I don't much fancy either Vandegrift or his three assistants. If looks alone counted, theirs would be enough to condemn them on sight. Several times Vandegrift has waylaid me in the village and tried to find out something about the Blooms. I can't imagine what his object can be. He invariably regards me, when we meet, with a kind of sarcastic leer that is not at all pleasant. To tell the truth, I'm somewhat afraid of him. Once when Bob and I approached the lightship in calm weather and asked permission to come aboard and look at the mechanism of the lantern, and see how things are run, he warned us off in threatening tones. He said it was against the regulations to permit outsiders on the vessel. Probably he was right, but he might have stretched a point when he knows us so well. Now that I have been forced to take shelter here to save my life, I don't see how he can kick."

Dick paused near the cabin door, undecided whether to enter or not. Sounds of coarse talk and laughter reached his ears as he stood there. Evidently the four men of the lightship were all in the cabin enjoying themselves in their own way without much thought of the gale or the craft over which they had charge. There was a short ladder nearby which led to the poop or top of the cabin. Dick, after a moment's thought, mounted the steps and crawled to the skylight, through which gleams of light shone. He glanced down into the cabin and saw Vandegrift and his crew seated about the mess-table playing cards. There was a stone jug in the center of the table, each man had a glass of liquor in front of him and a pipe or a cigar between his lips. That they were playing for money was evident from the coin displayed. They acted as if they were more than half drunk, though Vandegrift himself appeared to be fairly sober. At the moment Dick looked down the three men composing the crew appeared to be greatly excited, while the skipper was quite cool. A bunch of money lay in the middle of the table, and was clearly the stake all were contending for. Each in turn the men threw down their cards, eagerly. Lastly, Vandegrift displayed his, and, reaching out his hand, grasped the money.

and drew it toward him. In a moment the three men sprang to their feet with fierce imprecations, and one of them drew his sheath-knife. A row seemed imminent, and Vandegrift rose to his feet and drew his revolver. At that thrilling moment a tremendous sea struck and heeled the lightship over to the leeward. Dick was lifted and flung against the skylight with great force.

Crash! He went through the glass as though it were so much paper and landed, stunned and helpless, in the middle of the table.

CHAPTER VII.—The Woman Of The Lightship.

Vandegrift and his crew, though almost taken off their feet by the careen of the vessel, recovered themselves just as Dick came flying through the skylight, and his remarkable and unexpected entrance fairly staggered them. Before any move was made on their part, Dick's scattered senses came back to him and he sat up. Then Vandegrift recognized him.

"What in thunder brings you here, and how did you come?" he demanded, with a furious look in his eyes.

"I guess I must have come through the skylight," replied Dick, in shaky tones. His answer did not satisfy Vandegrift.

"How did you reach the vessel, you pestiferous young imp?" roared the skipper of the lightship.

"Hold on; don't call a fellow names like that," objected Dick.

"Well, answer me, then! Don't you know no one is allowed aboard this craft without an order from the lighthouse inspector?"

"Why, do you think I came off to visit you for the fun of the thing in such a gale as this?" cried Dick, with some indignation. "I fell from Bird Point into the sea, and the tide carried me out here."

"Do you expect us to believe such a cock-and-bull story as that?" snarled Vandegrift.

"I don't care whether you believe it or not," replied Dick, spunkily. "I am telling you the truth and can prove it to-morrow by my friend Bob Smithers, who saw me go into the water."

"So you swam all the way out to the lightship, more than two miles, in the sea that's running at present, eh?" said Vandegrift, sarcastically.

"I didn't say that I swam here."

"Then how else could ye get here if you fell into the sea, as you say?"

"I floated out here on a big log."

"And how did you get aboard the vessel? Were you tossed aboard by that wave that hit the hulk just now?"

"I ran against one of your steel cables and climbed aboard."

"How could you?"

"That's the way I got aboard, just the same."

Dick was so insistent, and his face showed that he was thoroughly in earnest, that the four men were obliged to accept his statement as a fact.

"Well, we don't want you here, so you'd better go back to the shore," said Vandegrift, in an ugly tone.

"Go back to the shore—now!" gasped Dick.

"How can I?"

"That's your lookout, not ours."

"Well, you haven't any right to refuse me shelter in such a storm."

"We'll see about that," replied Vandegrift, furiously. "Here, Sims and Yard," addressing two of his men, "seize that young sculpin and put him into the hold."

"You won't put me into the hold, not if I know it," answered Dick, slipping off the table and grabbing the stone jug.

"Do as I tell you!" roared the skipper to his two men.

They both made a dash for Dick. The boy immediately launched the jug at the head of Yard. It took effect in his face and stretched him stunned and bleeding on the floor of the cabin, and also had the effect of stopping Sims in his rush. Vandegrift was furious.

"At him, Kite," he cried to the other man.

Dick made a bee-line for the deck, intending to pass through the cabin doorway. He stumbled, however, and before he could rise Sims had him by the shoulder and yanked him to his feet.

"Now we'll see who is master here, you young whippersnapper," gritted the skipper. "Down with him to the hold!"

Kite and Sims started to carry out his orders, when one of the stateroom doors flew suddenly open and a tall woman in black appeared.

"Stop!" she cried, extending her arm toward the men. "Are you not already steeped enough in blood that you would add another crime to your dark consciences? And a boy, too, at that! Back! Back! You shall not destroy him as you have others whose misfortune brought them aboard this vessel, and whom you have first robbed and then cast into the pitiless ocean."

The woman's dark eyes flashed with a strange unearthly light as she advanced to protect Dick.

Sims and Kite, though powerful and villainous-looking men, seemed to be seized by a sudden panic at her presence in the cabin and, releasing their hold on the boy, fell back beside the skipper. Vandegrift uttered a fierce imprecation.

"Are you mad, Isabel?" he demanded harshly.

"Mad!" exclaimed the woman, with a bitter almost curdling laugh. "Yes, I think I must be. Have not I passed through enough to make me so? Have not I been your prisoner for twelve long years, Peter Vandegrift? Have not I been aware of scenes that have recently passed within my hearing that have frozen the blood in my veins? Have not I begged you to set me free from your persecution, only to be laughed at as a fool because I would not consent to become your wife? Your wife! Just Heaven preserve me from such a fate! But the time will come that shall witness your punishment and my release from misery. Then will the blood you and your villainous associates have shed rise in judgment against you."

The woman's attitude and language showed that she might not be entirely sane.

"Fool that you are!" roared Vandegrift. "Even if I was disposed to save this boy, your words—irresponsible as they are—have sealed his fate. Think you that he can ever be permitted to set foot ashore to denounce us to the authorities?"

"You dare not add another crime to those you have already perpetrated."

"I dare do anything while I am the master of this vessel."

"Beware!" cried the apparently demented woman.

"Bah! I am a fool that I have put up so long with your gibbish. I should have sent you long ago to join your husband and——"

"Why did you not?" with another bitter laugh. "Death would have been a blessed relief to my unhappy soul."

"Well, it's a wonder you never jumped overboard of your own accord, then, for you have had many chances to do so."

"Yes, I have. Many a time I have gone on deck with the purpose of ending my wretched existence. Yet when the chance was mine something always held me back. Something—the face of my child."

She bowed her head, with a sob that shook her frame convulsively, yet not a tear came into her eyes.

"My boy—my little Jack. The image of his father, who would to-day, had he lived, been the size of this——"

She looked at Dick, whose face, reflected by the lamplight, was turned in wonder toward her. As her eyes rested on his features she stopped short, clasped her hands over her heart and gazed wildly at him for a moment, then, with a piercing scream that echoed above the uproar of the gale without, she fell on her knees before Dick and, with outstretched arms, cried:

"My child! My Jack! It is he! Merciful heavens, am I mad or do I really gaze on one who has been lost to me, for twelve years? Jack, Jack! I am your mother! Your poor, persecuted, much-wronged mother. Do you not know me? You do not speak. Ah, I am mad! Mad! Mad!"

She bowed her head in her hands, and the long-pent-up tears gushed forth, while her bosom shook with frantic sobs.

CHAPTER VIII.—Caught In His Own Trap.

Vandegrift, who had uttered a terrible imprecation at the beginning of the woman's outbreak, recovered himself, and now stood with a sarcastic smile on his rascally lips as he noted an astonished expression on Dick's face. He saw that the boy felt assured that the woman was demented, and that gave him the utmost satisfaction. Her outspoken arraignment of his villainies was therefore valueless as evidence against him or his associates. Who would put credence in the ravings of an insane creature such as she appeared to be?

"Poor lady," said Dick, regarding her with the utmost compassion, "I am not your son. My father and mother are dead."

"Dead!" she echoed, raising her streaming face, and pushing her long, raven tresses aside while she bent a fascinated, wistful look on the lineaments which so excited her fancy.

"Yes. At least, they are dead to me. I know nothing about them whatever. Yet as I was washed upon this coast by the sea during a fearful gale, twelve years ago——"

"Twelve years ago!" she almost shrieked.

"Twelve years ago this very night."

"Gracious heaven, what do I hear!" she cried.

"Twelve years ago this night—the very night the Sunbeam——"

"Enough of this!" roared Vandegrift, advancing on her and seizing her by the arm. "Back to your stateroom, Isabel. Back, or by the powers above I'll——"

"You'll what?" exclaimed the woman, springing to her feet and bending a look of scorn and defiance on him.

Vandegrift recoiled and mumbled out something under his breath. It was clear that even he, the master spirit on the lightship, feared this woman that a blow from his iron fist could have stretched unconscious at his feet.

"Will you go?" he said, doggedly.

"Swear that you will do this boy no harm!" she said, in a tense tone. "Swear that you will not throw this lad to the waves! Swear that in the presence of your Maker, and I will go!"

The skipper wavered a moment and then he said:

"Very well. I swear it. But remember that for the present at least I shall hold him aboard this vessel. He cannot go ashore this night, at any rate. He shall go to-morrow—perhaps."

The woman seemed to be satisfied that Vandegrift would keep his word. She turned from him and again looked at Dick. Going to him, with a manner now utterly changed from her former hysterical demeanor, she took his face between her hands and looked long and intensely into his eyes.

"I think you said that you are not my son—my little Jack. How could you be when, as I remember him, he was but a little boy, scarce five years old? And yet how like him you are, and how like—my husband."

Dick was much affected by her manner, which seemed now to have lost its fire, and was mournfully pathetic. She turned away and walked slowly toward the stateroom, from whence she came, and shut the door behind her. The skipper uttered a sigh of relief. He stood for some moments studying the floor, then he turned to his two men.

"Here, take this man to the fo'k'sle and bring him to his senses. Then look to the light. See to it that everything goes well."

Sims and Kite grabbed their unconscious comrade and bore him out of the cabin.

"Sit down, Dick Adams," said Vandegrift. "Excuse my hasty temper. I am not in the best of humor to-night. I did not really intend to have you thrown overboard. Why should I? I merely meant to frighten you, that's all, because you angered me."

He picked up the stoppered jug and replaced it on the table. Then after a glance at the broken skylight he stepped to the door and roared for Sims. When the man responded he was ordered to spread a bit of sailcloth over the opening and secure it there.

"So," he said, returning and seating himself opposite the boy, "you fell into the sea from the top of Bird's Point, eh?"

"Not from the top, but half way up the cliff," answered Dick.

"It amounts to much the same thing, since it landed you in the water. And you drifted out to the lightship on a log, you say?"

"I did."

"You were lucky. Not one person in a thousand would have escaped as you did."

"That's right," admitted Dick, wondering what was going to be the end of his adventure.

"You must be chilled through after your long sousing. Come, we will have a drink together and bury all hard thoughts," with a peculiar smile. "I will get a fresh glass for you," he added, rising.

"I don't drink liquor, Mr. Vandegrift," replied Dick.

"That needn't matter. You need something to warm your chilled blood or you're likely to be down with a fever. Take it—as a medicine." The skipper went to a locker and, fumbling a while in it, took something out. Then he took a glass from the swinging tray which Dick had narrowly missed in his unceremonious entrance, and said:

"Perhaps I had better dilute the gin with a little water, as you are not used to the clear article," he said, with an unpleasant smile. He walked to the pantry, a few feet away, and entered.

"I wonder what he took from that locker?" Dick asked himself, a strong suspicion entering his mind that he was to be the victim of some kind of foul play. "Can he mean to poison me? Yet what motive can he have in my death? I cannot understand his attitude toward me, nor can I understand why that lady is aboard of this vessel. It is not known ashore that there is a woman on the lightship. I believe it is against the regulations, anyway. Some dark mystery seems to surround her, and all on board, for that matter." At that moment the woman in black appeared at the door of her stateroom, looked cautiously around the cabin and then caught Dick's eye. She held up a slip of paper, pointed at it, dropped it on the floor and retired. Dick, somewhat surprised, ran over, picked it up and carried it back to his seat. Glancing at it in the lamp-light, he saw the following:

"Be on your guard—drink and you are lost, unless you can manage to change the glasses—then seem to sleep." Dick was staggered by this warning. He saw at once that Vandegrift intended to practice some piece of treachery on him, and that the woman, probably having seen the same trick worked before on some other unfortunate, had cunningly endeavored to defeat his purpose. The boy resolved to profit by the warning. In a moment or two the skipper returned with half an inch of water in the glass. He immediately filled it half full of gin. He put about the same amount in his own glass.

"Come," he said, in a friendly way, "let's shake hands and be friends." He held out his hand to Dick. The lad took it, wondering how he could distract the man's attention long enough to enable him to change the glasses. Then he noticed the lady peeping out at the door.

"Look!" he exclaimed, on the spur of the moment. "The woman is watching us." With a smothered imprecation, Vandegrift turned and saw her furtively eyeing them. He took a step toward the stateroom and made a threatening gesture. Quick as a wink, Dick reversed the two glasses. The unfortunate woman saw him do it and closed the door with a bang. The skipper was satisfied, returned to the table and took up the glass containing the drugged liquor.

"Your health, Dick," he said, with a grin, draining the glass. The lad drank a small portion of his, for he felt that he needed it as a stimulant.

"Drink it off," urged Vandegrift. "Tis but a thimbleful." Dick took another swallow, the skipper watching him, like a cat would a mouse.

"Down with the whole of it, boy. 'Twill put new life in you, and you'll sleep like a top till morning."

"I'm not used to liquor, Mr. Vandegrift. It runs like fire through my veins and makes my head spin around. It's awfully strong stuff."

"Nonsense! A third of it is water," chuckled the skipper. "Finish it and then I'll show you where you can turn in for the night." Dick had taken about all he wanted, and so when the vessel gave a lurch to the leeward he clumsily upset the glass on the table. Vandegrift frowned, for he was not sure that the amount Dick had drunk would have the desired effect on him. The boy, however, fearing that a second dose might be prepared for him, began to act in a dopy way. The skipper observed this with much satisfaction. The drug, he thought, was getting in its work sooner than he had calculated on.

"I feel dead tired," said Dick, at length. "I can hardly keep my eyes open."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Vandegrift. "Be thankful, lad, that sleep comes to you so easy. I haven't had a sound night's sleep for—" He paused and put his hand to his head.

"What the thunder is the matter with me? A cramp-like feeling is stealing over me. My limbs seem to—can it be that I made a mistake in the glasses and took the wrong one myself? I noticed that the gin seemed uncommonly watery. No, it can't be that, for the boy is already asleep. Then what makes me feel so queer? My blood is growing thin and cold. I must take more gin."

He reached for the jug, but the effort was too much for him.

"By all the powers of evil, I am drugged. I have fallen—into—my own—trap. I must—"

He fell back in his chair, glared fearfully at the ceiling, made an attempt to rise, and then collapsed. In another moment he was insensible and breathing heavily, his legs stretched out at full length and his head thrown forward on his arm upon the table.

CHAPTER IX.—Mother and Son.

As soon as Vandegrift dropped off into his drugged state, Dick Adams, who had been furtively watching him, straightened up in his chair and regarded the rascally skipper of the lightship with much satisfaction. The storm was still at the height of its fury, and the vessel bobbed up and down, and tugged at its double steel hawsers, like some impatient tethered animal trying to break loose from its bonds. As though the lady had also been watching the progress of matters in the cabin, the door of her stateroom opened and she came out. She walked straight to the skipper and looked into his hard, uncompromising face, which wore a ghastly pallor under the influence of the insidious drug. A smile hovered

for an instant on her sorrowful features, and then she turned to Dick.

"I am grateful to you, ma'am, for saving me from this rascal's treachery," said the boy. "Is it true that you are—that is, aren't you in your right—I mean is there something the matter with you?" continued Dick, in an embarrassed way.

"You mean am I mad?" she replied, with a wan smile.

"I don't like to put it that way, ma'am. I hope it's all a mistake."

"I don't know," she answered. "There are times when I think I am mad. Times when I have no control whatever over myself. I have suffered, heaven knows, enough to unseat the reason of any one. Twelve years of misery has so far been my unhappy lot. When death will release me from it I know not. Why did you, the image of my own lost child, come here to this vessel? Why rather not trust your life to the waves than seek shelter in this den of wolves? The waves sometimes relent, but these men, never?"

"Then the strange stories I have heard about this lightship are true?"

"What could you have heard, since dead men tell no tales?"

"Some months ago a man was washed up on the beach near our village and there found at the point of death. With his last words he accused Vandegrift of robbing him and his crew of casting him into the sea. As Vandegrift, when spoken to about the matter, declared that the sailor had never been aboard the lightship at all, and that it was preposterous to think that he or his men would attempt such a crime, the man's statement was decided to be the vagaries of a distorted imagination, occasioned by the strain through which he had passed, since there was not a particle of evidence to connect the lightship men with the affair. Before that, at intervals, the bodies of men have floated ashore, some of whom bore suspicious marks of violence, and none seemed to have been long in the water, even when no wreck had been reported in the neighborhood. What was considered as singular, not one of all these people had a single article of value, or a penny of money on his person."

"They must have been Vandegrift's victims, for many a poor soul has given up his life on this vessel."

"And you have known this?" asked Dick, in surprise.

"Alas, yes!"

"You were brought aboard this vessel by Vandegrift?"

"Yes."

"And detained here against your will?"

"It is quite true."

"How long have you been on the lightship?"

"Three weeks."

"My gracious! The people of Oldport have not the slightest idea that you are here. Isn't it against the regulations?"

"I do not know."

"But the government tender visits this ship once a month with supplies from Macchias. How is it your presence here was not discovered?"

"Because when the supply vessel was sighted I was taken down into the hold and kept a prisoner

in the little room there that Vandegrift had made for that purpose."

"But if you cried out and made noise enough, I should think some one on the tender would have taken notice."

"On that occasion I was gagged and bound."

"And at other times you are free?"

"But under constant watch. When any boat draws near, or some visitor with a permit comes aboard to inspect the light, I am put below, or locked in my room."

"Why does Vandegrift treat you in this cruel way?"

"To break my spirit and compel me to marry him. But he has failed and ever will, for I would die before I consented to link myself with such as he. Twelve years, the greater part of which I spent in a private asylum, though I was not insane, I have held out, and shall to the end."

"Why, then, does he persist?"

"Because he is a man of indomitable resolution. He swore that the day would come when I would marry him willingly, but he has found my resolution as stubborn as his own."

"Have you had no chance to escape during all these years?"

"I was constantly watched at the asylum, which was surrounded by a high wall, guarded at night by fierce dogs. Since being brought on board this vessel I have been tempted to end my miserable existence, by leaping overboard, but the thought that self-destruction was an unpardonable crime, and might separate me in the next world from my beloved child and husband, who perished on this coast twelve years ago this night, when our yacht, the Sunbeam, went ashore on the rocks, caused me to pause ere I took the rash step that my cruel fate urged me on to. So I lived on and suffered."

"You've had a hard time of it."

"Alas, yes! No one knows or can understand how hard. But my consolation is that this cannot go on forever."

"I should say not, ma'am. Trust me, when I get ashore—"

"When you get ashore?" she said, mournfully.

"Do you think that Vandegrift will permit you to escape him? He and his men feel that you already know too much for their safety, and that an investigation would follow did you succeed in reaching land and exposing what you have learned to the authorities. No, no; unless I can again prevent it they will kill you and toss you overboard. At any rate they will hold you a prisoner until they can dispose of you in some way."

"You seem to have considerable influence over the whole crowd," said Dick, who did not fancy the prospect that seemed to be ahead of him, "but if they should determine to put me out of the way I doubt if you could save me. Just now Vandegrift attempted to drug me for some purpose. That doesn't strike me as a favorable outlook. Now if you have the run of the cabin, as you appear to, can't you manage to find me some kind of a weapon—say a revolver—with which I can defend myself?"

"I have one in my stateroom, which I secured a day or two ago by accident, and which I thought might avail me in some emergency, should such arise. You shall have it, for I would not that you were harmed by these men for the world. You

are the very image of my boy, as I fancy he would look at your age had it been Heaven's will that he could have lived."

"It's funny that I should look like your little boy, ma'am," said Dick. "This is the second time to-night I have been taken for some one else."

"The second time!"

"Yes. A man, who appeared to have lost his way along the cliffs in the darkness and the storm, came to our cottage for shelter, just after we had had supper, and the moment he looked at me he started up and asked me my name, as if he knew me. When I told him he seemed to be disappointed and muttered something under his breath. I am sorry to say that it was owing to him that I am here. He left the cottage in a mysterious way, without his hat or overcoat, but carrying his traveling-bag. Bob Smithers, a chum of mine, and myself hunted the cliffs and shore for some trace of him. We found his bag a wreck among the rocks, which shows that he must have fallen from the cliff into the sea and been swept out by the waves and lost. The same fate almost overtook me, for when climbing back to the top of the cliff the earth gave way under me and I was cast into the sea. I was saved from immediate death by a big log and on it I floated out to this lightship, which I managed to board."

"Surely a kind Providence which preserved you from the waves will shield you from these men as well."

"I hope so, ma'am. At any rate, I don't intend to be done up without making a good fight for my life," said Dick, resolutely. "Will you tell me how you first came to get into the power of this Vandegrift? The more I know about you the better I will be able to help you, maybe if I succeed in making my escape."

"Alas! It is a sad story, which I should not wish to recall but for your wonderful resemblance to my boy. I feel that it will give me relief to unfold myself to you. It was the summer of 189—, twelve years ago, that my husband, Jack Warren, obtained reliable information of a treasure trove on a small island off the coast of Newfoundland. We lived in Boston, in fairly comfortable circumstance. My husband decided to hunt for the buried treasure, as it was said to be of the value of one hundred thousand dollars in gold."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Dick. "That's a lot of money."

"He hired the yacht Sunbeam from a wealthy friend, and, as the trip promised to be a pleasant one, he easily persuaded me to accompany him. Of course, I could not go without our little Jack."

"So your boy's name was Jack, too?" said Dick.

"Yes. He was named after his father. We called him Jack, junior," replied the lady, with a melancholy smile. "My husband was not a sailor so he hired a sailingmaster, who, most unfortunately, was this wretch, Peter Vandegrift," added the lady, casting a look of disgust and abhorrence at the sleeping skipper close to her elbow.

"Is that a fact?" exclaimed Dick, with intense interest.

"We had a pleasant run to the island where the treasure was, and the information my husband

had acquired proving correct, the gold was found and removed to the yacht. Then we started for home, with visions of opulence in our minds. I had observed that this man, Vandegrift, seemed to find a great deal of pleasure in my society, which he availed himself of whenever the opportunity presented. I ascribed it to his desire to make himself as agreeable as possible to the only woman in the party, and never suspected that he had a deeper motive in view. On the night of the sixth of September, of which to-day is the twelfth anniversary, a southeast gale overtook the Sunbeam off this coast, and in spite of every effort she was driven on the rocks, a wreck. My husband went overboard before my eyes and was lost. The same fate overtook the crew. No one remained but Vandegrift, myself and my boy, and we expected to perish as soon as the yacht broke up under the assaults of the waves. Bit by bit the yacht went to pieces until only the after part, where we and the chest of gold were, remained fixed in the rocks.

"Vandegrift told me to take courage, as he thought this portion of the wreck would weather the gale. Frantic over the loss of my dear husband, I could only clasp my terrified boy to my breast and expend my grief in tears. At this moment a man, who looked like a fisherman, suddenly appeared in a boat, which he secured under the lee of the rock. He was surprised to find life on the wreck, and, of course, offered to take us off.

"For some reason Vandegrift seemed loath to go. Finally, he reluctantly agreed, and led me to the boat, while the other man followed, with my child in his arms. I stepped in the boat, Vandegrift followed, and was in the act of taking my boy from the man's arms when a terrible wave dashed upon us. The boat was wrenched adrift and carried off, and I saw the fisherman pitched into the sea, with my child in his arms. I fainted and knew nothing more until weeks afterward, when I awoke to consciousness out of a brain fever and found myself in bed in a poorly furnished room, attended by an old woman. Vandegrift was my only visitor, and he was a frequent one.

"When I recovered, which I did but slowly, for all the happiness of my life had gone out with the loss of my husband and child, I found that I was on a small island somewhere along the coast. Vandegrift made no effort to take me away, and I was indifferent as to the future. Thus several months passed, during which Vandegrift was often absent. At length, one day, on his return, he proposed that I marry him, telling me that he had loved me from the first moment his eyes rested on me. I repulsed his proposal, with indignation, and then, for the first time, I requested him to take me to Boston. He refused, saying that I should remain on the island until I consented to become his wife. From that hour he afflicted me with his attentions, alternately begging me to yield and threatening me with dire consequences if I persisted in holding out.

"One day he drugged me, and I awoke to find myself in a private insane asylum, where I was told I was to remain until I yielded. I remained there until three weeks ago, when Vandegrift, having obtained charge of this lightship,

had me secretly removed aboard, and here I have since been kept a prisoner."

Dick listened to the lady's story with the most intense interest, and he became especially excited at that point where she described the wreck which resulted in the ultimate loss of her son. He was on the point, once or twice, of breaking in on her narrative, but managed to restrain himself. As soon as she had concluded he seized the chance to give utterance to what was in his mind.

"There is a strange coincidence between your story of the wreck of the Sunbeam and my own history. I, too, was a victim of that same storm, twelve years ago this night. I was the only survivor, according to Isaac Bloom, a fisherman, who said he found me cast up on the rocks, near Bird Point, of some unknown vessel lost off this coast. And I was then just the age of your son—five years."

The unfortunate lady looked at him for a moment, in a dazed way. Then she seemed to grasp the meaning of his words, and her eyes began to blaze with the same weird light that had characterized them when she first set eyes on his features in the glare of the swinging lamp.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped. "You say you were the only survivor of a wreck on this shore twelve years ago this night and that you were then five years old?"

"Yes, ma'am, that is true."

"Then you must be my son—my own little Jack!" she cried, in frantic excitement. "You are his very image and the image of your father. But I will know the truth."

She almost sprang at the boy and began tearing open the sleeve of his shirt.

"If you are my boy, as my heart tells me you are, I shall find a scar shaped like a cross on your arm. It is a birth mark and could not be erased by time."

Dick, thrilled by the intensity of the situation, and quivering from head to foot at the very idea of the *dénouement* he instinctively felt was coming, allowed her to have her way. In a moment his arm was bare and her famished gaze fastened upon a certain spot which her mother's instinct pointed out. It needed hardly more than a glance to show her that the peculiar scar was there where she had expected to find it. With a scream of joy she threw her arms about his neck and pressed him to her heart.

"You are my boy—my son Jack. My darling boy, does no inward feeling prompt you to recognize your own mother? Does nothing tell you that you are my son?"

She gazed eagerly, wistfully into his face, and her words thrilled him to his very soul.

"Am I really your son?" he asked, tumultuously.

"This scar proves it to my satisfaction."

"Mother—dear, dear mother!" cried Dick, throwing his arms around her neck.

"Kind Providence! This one moment of delight amply repays me for twelve long years of suffering."

Thus in the midst of the howling storm, face to face with a common peril on board the lightship, this strangely reunited mother and son clung to each other in a long, sweet embrace, oblivious of everything save that they were together.

CHAPTER X.—A Fresh Peril.

Their bliss was not to last long. They were soon brought back to the terrors of their position on board the lightship. Sims and Yard, the latter with his head bound up in a towel, re-entered the cabin at that moment.

"Hello, what does this mean?" exclaimed Yard, with an imprecation, as the two rascals took in the situation. "What the deuce is the matter with the skipper? And these two, why are they together?"

He advanced to the table and laid his hand on the woman's shoulder. She uttered a low cry, shrank back, but clung with all a mother's love to Dick, who sprang to his feet, and placed himself before her that he might, if necessary, protect her.

"Stand by the door, Sims," roared Yard.

Then he grabbed Vandegrift and essayed to shake him into wakefulness. He might have saved himself, for the skipper was no better than a dog.

"Wake up, cap'n; wake up!" cried the rascal. "What in thunder is the matter with the man? He can't be dead! No, he breathes; but it is thickly, like one in a trance. Boy," he continued, turning fiercely on Dick, "what is the meaning of this? What have you and this woman done to the skipper? Answer, or, by creation, it will be worse for you."

He drew a wicked-looking knife as he spoke, and there was that in his eye that showed he was in no humor to be trifled with.

"We have done nothing," replied the boy, calmly, but resolutely. "Vandegrift simply fell into a trap that he prepared for me."

"Fell into a trap! What do you mean?"

"He asked me to drink with him, and into one of the glasses he put something—a drug. Then, by mistake, he drank the dosed liquor himself, and that is the result."

"By mistake, eh?" ejaculated the rascal, with an incredulous laugh, that was ugly enough, in good truth. "'Tis not like the skipper to make a mistake of that kind. Are you sure that you did not, aided by this crazy woman, distract his attention and change the glasses? Are you sure you did not, I say?"

"I have nothing more to say," replied Dick, pluckily.

"Oh, you haven't?" sneeringly. "Well, I have, I believe you did. You hocussed the cap'n, and, by the piper, you shall pay dearly for the job. Sims, call Kite." The third rascal quickly responded.

"Tear those two apart, d'ye hear?"

"No, no!" shrieked Isabel Warren. "You shall not part us."

"Shall not, eh? Since when have you learned to give orders aboard this vessel, my lady? The skipper may be a fool where you are concerned, but I am not. Do as I order you, my lads."

"Mercy!" cried the poor woman, frantically. "This boy is my son."

"Your son?" laughed the rascal, mockingly. "Well, of all the crazy spells you have had this is the worst."

"No, no—I am not mad. This is the child."

lost twelve years ago this night on this coast. 'Tis but this moment I fully recognize him."

"Tell that to the marines," replied Yard, scoffingly. "Do you expect us to believe such rot?"

"She's crazy," laughed Sims. "An hour since, in the presence of the cap'n and Kite and me, she went on just the same way. Threw herself on her knees and swore this chap was her darling Jack. Ask the boy. He'll tell you she's as lunny as a moon-struck cow."

"She is not crazy!" cried Dick, angrily. "She has told you the plain truth. I am her son, Jack Warren, and she is my mother, whom I never knew till this moment." Sims and Kite looked astonished.

"Well, have it your own way, I care not," replied Yard, brutally. "If you were her son fifty times over it would not save your life if you had as many chances as a cat. The cap'n will pass upon you when he recovers his senses. Until he does, we have a nice little room in the hold that will keep you out of further mischief. It's too bad to part a mother and her kid, but needs must when the Old Boy holds the reins. Away with him, Kite. And you, Sims, lock this woman in her room. Were I the skipper of this craft she would have long ago fattened the fishes in these waters, for of all obstacles in a man's way a woman is by long odds the worst." Sims and Kite found it no easy matter to carry out their companion's directions, for Isabel clung with all her strength to her boy, while Dick, as we shall continue to call him for the present, made matters exceedingly interesting for them with his fists.

In the end, however, the rascals triumphed. Isabel was carried, shrieking, to her room and locked in, while Dick fought, like a tiger, to no purpose. Yard laughed sardonically as the boy found himself practically helpless in the grasp of the burly Kite. As soon as Sims had turned the key on Isabel Warren, he assisted Kite in carrying his prisoner into the hold, through a trap-door in the pantry, where the boy was padlocked into the small room used by Vandegrift for securing the lad's mother below when he considered that precaution necessary for the good of all concerned. Left in darkness and solitude, Dick felt that his position was almost unendurable. Not that he was worried about his own fate, that he could face, for he was a plucky boy; but his intense anxiety for the welfare of his newly found mother overshadowed every other consideration.

Powerless now to aid her, he chafed in his rolling prison cell, like a freshly caught beast from the wild jungles. He pounded furiously upon the heavy door that shut him in until he had exhausted himself, and then he sank upon the rough planks, a prey to the most dismal forebodings for the future. The roar of the elements seemed hardly to reach his ears way down below the water-line, but the plunging of the vessel was easily felt. Heretofore life had gone fairly easy with him, though it was not satisfactory as he wished, for he longed to take his place in the great wide world and make his own way upward, as others were doing at that moment. Now everything seemed changed. He had just found one of his parents—his mother—of whom he had been deprived by calamity ere he knew the

blessings of existence; and scarce had he felt that mother's loving embrace and kisses than they were torn asunder and for aught he knew might never meet again. The very thoughts of such a thing made him fairly frantic.

"If I only could escape from this place, and had some weapon in my hand, I'd cut my way through those rascals to my mother's side and there defend her with my life. Poor mother! What must be her feelings at this moment? Her screams are still ringing in my ears. Oh, if I were free there'd be something doing that would make those scoundrels open their eyes."

But there seemed to be little chance for his getting free of his cwn accord. The padlock door defied his efforts to even shake it on its hinges, and the rest of the bulkhead seemed constructed on the same principles. An hour passed away on leaden wings. Dick lay back on a rude bunk, trying to think of some way by which he might be able to outwit his enemies. Suddenly an unusually heavy wave surged in from the great Atlantic and struck the vessel a fearful blow under her counter. The extraordinary strain put upon the seaward cable fairly tore it loose from the heavy stanchion to which it was attached on board, and it disappeared like a flash into the boiling water alongside. The lightship swung around like a cork and tugged at her remaining ground anchor. Wave after wave now launched itself at the vessel, as though the sea, having detected its advantage, was determined by united effort to compass her destruction. The double duty imposed on the remaining cable strained it to its utmost capacity of resistance. Dick awoke to the fact that either the storm had increased to a remarkable extent or else something out of the ordinary had happened, for he was tossed out of the bunk by the tremendous rolling of the craft as she wallowed about in a lop-sided manner. He heard the crash above, mingled with the momentary rumbling as the cable slipped through the hawse-hole, and he was inclined to believe that the vessel had been injured by the gale. At one moment the lightship leaped into the air, seemingly, and the next she dropped into a hollow and gave a dogged wrench at her cable that shook her from stem to stern.

"Great Scott!" cried the boy. "One of the cable must have snapped. Unless the gale lets up soon the other is likely to go, too, and then the lightship will be thrown upon the shoal and go to pieces, or be carried upon the coast further to the westward. In either case that means death to all aboard. And must I and mother die, cooped up like a rat in a trap? I can't stand the thought. I must get out. I must, if I tear my hands to pieces trying to do it."

He staggered to his feet and dashed at the heavy door, like a mad boy. He raised his foot to give it a kick, when, to his utter amazement he heard a sound outside, and then the door swung open and his mother appeared at the opening with a lantern in her hand.

CHAPTER XI.—At Bay.

"Mother!" cried Dick, springing joyfully forward. "You here! How did you——"

"Come, my boy," she interrupted him in a tone

of suppressed excitement, "there is not a moment to be lost. The vessel is in a great peril. One of the cables has parted and she may be torn from her moorings any minute."

"I thought as much, mother," he replied, throwing his arm around her waist to steady her steps. "But the crew—where are they?"

"Like all wicked men when brought suddenly face to face with a terrible death, they are thinking now of nothing but themselves. Primed with liquor, they are on deck trying to get the lifeboat in shape for instant launching."

"No fear of them trying to save us, mother."

"No. The cravens mean to abandon their helpless captain to his fate."

Dick helped his mother up the rude ladder that led from the hold to the trap-door in the pantry deck, and in a few minutes they were standing once more in the cabin where the unconscious Vandegrift now lay, sprawled out, like a log, on the floor. Releasing his mother, Dick sprang for the open cabin door, and slamming it shut shot the heavy bolt he noticed attached to the woodwork. The rascals outside at least could not reach them now unless they smashed the door down, and it looked solid enough to give them a great deal of trouble. If they themselves were doomed to die, at any rate they could die in each other's arms, and neither feared death now that they were together.

"How did you manage to get out of your room, mother?" asked Dick, returning to her side.

"I blew the lock to pieces with a shot from my revolver," she answered, stroking his hair with a loving hand. "I was determined to save you, my son, it cost me my life."

"What a dear, brave mother you are," replied Dick, admiringly. "The rascals evidently did not hear the shot. It was lost in the uproar of the gale. I have secured the door now so that they cannot surprise us together again. You'd better let me have the revolver. I may yet have occasion to use it."

Isabel Warren drew the weapon from her pocket and handed it to Dick.

"What shall we do if the vessel breaks her remaining anchor and goes ashore?" she asked, tremulously, as she drew him toward her.

"We can't do anything. We'll have to take our chances. The men may save themselves by taking to the lifeboat."

"Alas! my boy, I tremble to think of what our fate may be. A few hours ago I should have cared little. In fact, I think I should have welcomed death with open arms; but now, since we have been so providentially reunited, life has suddenly grown very sweet to me. I want to live and be with you, my son."

At this point the handle of the door was turned and then a deep imprecation was borne to them. The door was shaken lustily and finally a heavy kick administered to it. Dick sprang to his feet. Rushing to the cabin entrance he listened. One of the rascals was outside trying to get in. Again and again he kicked the door violently, but the stout bolt resisted his efforts. Dick could hear him swearing and talking to himself. At length he went away. It was not long before he re-

turned with one of his companions. Both threw their weight against the door together and it shivered under the assault, but still held. There was little doubt if they persisted that they would be able to force it, and so Dick thought he had better take some action. He looked around the cabin for something that would answer for a barricade, but nothing presented itself. The table and chairs were fastened to the floor. Then he thought that the skipper ought to have a seachest or trunk in his stateroom, and he was to go and see when he heard the voice of Yard say:

"Curse the door! It must have just jammed some way. We must enter through the skylight."

"They are going to come through the skylight, mother," Dick whispered, as he ran to her side. "Go into your stateroom at once and close the door."

"No, no, my son; I cannot leave you."

"But you must. Your presence here would only embarrass me. I'll hide myself in the skipper's room, for they do not know that I have escaped from the hold."

"We will both go to Vandegrift's stateroom and lock ourselves in. The lock of my door is now useless as a protection."

"I did not think of that, mother. Come on, then," and he turned the light of the swinging lamp down to a mere glimmer. They had hardly retreated out of sight when the canvas was torn from the skylight, a couple of kicks from Yard's stout boot enlarged the opening, and then the burly rascal was seen by Dick through a crack in the stateroom door to drop himself through the hole and alight on the table. He turned on the light again as Sims landed beside him.

"How the deuce did the light get turned down?" growled Yard, seizing a stone jug and helping himself to a big drink.

"How should I know?" replied Sims, impatiently awaiting his turn at the demijohn. "Here, don't take it all. I want some myself."

Yard handed it to him and walked over to see what was the matter with the door. An imprecation escaped his lips.

"The door is bolted," he roared. "That she-cat must have escaped from her room."

He rushed over to Isabel's stateroom and laid his hand on the door, which opened at his touch.

"Perdition!" he exclaimed, after a glance inside, "she's out."

"Out!" ejaculated Sims, putting down the jug.

"Ha! I have it. I'll bet she's gone into the hold to try and liberate that boy. And she'll do it, too, for the key is in the padlock."

"Why, here's a lighted lantern under the table. She must have lit that to take with her. She can't have gone yet."

"I'll see if the trap is open," said Yard, running into the pantry.

Presently there was the sound of something heavy striking the pantry floor. In another moment Yard reappeared, with an ugly grin on his face.

"If she's in the hold, I've got 'em both trapped now," he said.

"How?" asked Sims.

"I've thrown a case of canned goods on top of the trap. That will hold it down and keep 'em below."

"Good for you!" laughed Sims.

"Come now, let's get to work," said Yard. "Time is short, for the old hooker may go adrift any minute. We want to get a case of liquor out of the skipper's room and a keg of biscuit from the pantry to put aboard the boat. You look after the biscuit while I'll see to the liquor."

"All right," replied Sims, starting for the pantry.

Yard marched straight for the door of Vandegrift's stateroom, grabbed the handle and to his surprise found it fast.

"I never knew him to lock his door before," muttered the rascal, as he shook the handle in a vain attempt to enter the room.

He went over to the unconscious form of the captain and searched his pockets.

"Confound it, he hasn't any key. The place seems to be bewitched to-night. No matter, I'll smash in the door with a hatchet or something else."

"What's the matter?" asked Sims, as his companion reappeared.

"The skipper's door is locked. I'm goin' to smash it open."

"Maybe our crazy prisoner has locked herself in there."

"Well, if she's there I'll have her out in about three snakes of a dog's tail," laughed Yard, in his ugly way.

He seized a heavy cleaver from the wall and started for Vandegrift's stateroom. With one blow he smashed in the whole of one panel. Then a surprise awaited him. Dick Adams stood facing him with a cocked revolver aimed at his head.

Yard raised the cleaver as though to strike the boy and Dick fired. The rascal threw up his hands, staggered back and fell to the floor. Sims now came rushing in.

"What has happened?" he asked Yard.

"I'm shot," groaned the ruffian. "Go and get your guns and shoot the boy dead."

Sims hurried away. Dick then dragged Yard across the cabin to the pantry and then shut and locked the cabin door, locking out Sims and Kite. Those ruffians found this condition of things when they came back and they looked down through the skylight, but could see only the form of the drugged captain. The vessel gave a plunge at that moment and Sims pitched through the skylight to the cabin floor. His revolver flew from his hand and struck the pantry door.

Dick, holding the door ajar, saw the fate which had overtaken the second of his three enemies. That left only Kite to reckon with. The vessel at that moment broke her remaining cable and was soon wallowing in the trough of the sea.

Glancing toward the cabin door, Dick saw his mother standing there. She beckoned to him. Dick went to her. She informed him that Sims was dead from a broken neck. It was thought that Kite had been washed overboard, so Dick went up on deck and saw they were fast drifting toward the shore, and were headed toward a sheltered cove. Ten minutes later she swept past a bunch of dangerous rocks and grounded her nose on a shelving beach of sand, where there was little surf.

CHAPTER XII.—In the Cove.

It was phenomenal luck that had carried the vessel into the little haven hollowed out by nature in the rugged stretch of cliffs. The gale, which was still strong was hardly felt inside the cove, and the sudden transition from the tumbling sea and howling wind to comparative rest and silence brought Isabel Warren to the door of the cabin in bewildered surprise. The vessel still rocked, it is true, from the action of the big waves rolling into the mouth of the cove, but the movement was nothing compared to what it had been a few moments before. The glowing lantern at the top of the lightship's single short but stocky mast made the cove almost as light as day. Isabel gazed around in astonishment.

"Mother," cried Dick, running toward her, "we're safe after all. The lightship has drifted into a sheltered spot in the cliffs, and all danger is over."

"Thank Heaven for that," she murmured.

"There must be a strong tide setting into this place, otherwise I don't see how we came to hit it so nicely. Talk about luck—this is the best ever. "Why, even the vessel will be saved to the Government comparatively uninjured."

"How can we reach the top of these cliffs?"

"I think there's a rocky path yonder, but am not sure. Why daylight comes we will be better able to decide that question."

They returned to the cabin and then Dick suggested that between them they had better try to carry Vandegrift to his bunk in his stateroom.

This was accomplished after some difficulty, for the skipper was a heavy man, and he lay a dead weight in their arms.

"Now you'd better lie down and rest, mother, until daylight comes. Then we'll try to make our way up the cliff."

Isabel consented to do this, as she was really wearied after the excitement through which she had passed that night. Dick, after looking in on Yard and finding him in a kind of stupor, sat down in one of the cabin chairs and presently fell asleep. It was broad daylight when he awoke, and looking at the chronometer saw that it was seven o'clock. He went to his mother's stateroom and found her still asleep.

So he did not disturb her but proceeded on deck.

The lamps in the lantern were still burning as a matter of course. Going into the lantern house he saw how the ponderous light was raised and lowered by the machinery. Pulling a lever which he judged controlled the lantern it slowly sank into its place inside the house. Then he extinguished the lamps one by one. After that he viewed the sides of the amphitheater enclosing the cove all but its entrance by a wall of rock.

He soon saw that there was no way of reaching the top of the cliffs from the cove. Their sides rose sheer and straight out of the water to a height of fifty or sixty feet. A small rowboat lashed on deck suggested a way of leaving the cove. Dick quickly cut its lashings, turned it over, attached the ropes connected with the falls, and by hoisting at each in turn he succeeded in lifting the light boat above the vessel's bulwark and over her side, where he allowed it to remain for the

present. Then he paid a visit to the wounded man, who seemed to be resting easier. Yard looked at the boy in sulky silence.

"You can thank your stars that you're not going to the bottom this trip," said Dick. "The ship has gone ashore in a cove and is safe. You'll be in a doctor's care pretty soon; but I guess your wound is not as serious as I supposed. Do you want anything?"

"Yes. If there's any more gin in that stone bottle give it to me," answered the man.

Dick brought the jug to the pantry, and gave him half a glassful of the liquor. That seemed to revive him greatly.

"Where's Vandegrift?" he asked.

"Sleeping off the drug."

"The others you said were——"

"Dead."

"Humph! What are you going to do with me and the skipper?"

"Turn you both over to the authorities."

The man scowled and remained silent.

Dick rummaged around the pantry and found plenty of eatables. After satisfying his hunger he went back to his mother and aroused her.

After persuading her to eat a little in order to sustain her strength, he took her out on deck.

"We can't climb the cliff, mother. That, however, doesn't much matter as we have a light rowboat that will take us off. Now the question is what will we do about Vandegrift? I propose to turn him over to the authorities on the charge of ordering his men to throw me overboard in last night's storm after I had sought shelter on board the lightship. I shall also charge him with attempting to drug me after you had interfered in my behalf. As your presence on board the vessel will have to be explained, your story is bound to involve him and his wounded associate in a very serious predicament."

"I'll leave the matter to you, my son. All I care for is to be rid of that wretch forever."

"That you shall be, mother. He will no doubt be sent to prison for many years, if not for life."

"He has not yet revived from his stupor, has he?"

"No. He may come to at any moment however. It will be advisable to bind him hand and foot before we leave the vessel. As the other chap is wounded I think we ought to take him with us, so that a doctor may attend to him as soon as possible."

After some further conversation, during which Dick said he proposed to row the boat back to Oldport, which could not be very far to the eastward, they went into the cabin and assisted Yard, who was able to walk a little, into the swinging boat at the davits. Dick and his mother, each laying hold of the falls, completed the lowering of the boat. Then the boy went to the skipper's room and bound the unconscious Vandegrift hand and foot in a secure manner and left him. Returning to the deck Isabel and her son got into the boat, shoved off and were presently out on the bosom of the ocean, headed for the village of Oldport.

CHAPTER XIII.—Strange Happenings At Bird Point.

The row back to Oldport proved to be a much longer one than Dick had supposed, and it was

noon when they rounded the point that opened up the village. There was a good deal of excitement in the place over the disappearance of the lightship, and word having been sent to the district inspector who was at Macchias, a revenue cutter, which had put in there the afternoon before, had been sent out to look for her. The cutter was coming into the little bay in quest of chance information when the boat made her appearance.

Dick signaled her and pulled alongside. Boarding the cutter he asked to see the officer in charge.

Conducted into his presence the boy told him where the lightship would be found. He then made a brief explanation of the main circumstances of the case, which rather astonished the officer.

"I'll have to detain you and your mother until the inspector passes on the matter," he said. "Ask her to step aboard. Our surgeon will attend to your prisoner, and I will relieve you of him."

The boat was taken on board and the cutter was headed down the coast with Dick on the quarter deck to point out the entrance to the cove. The place was soon discovered and the lightship was found as Dick had described. Vandegrift was brought aboard the cutter entirely recovered but in a villainous humor. As Isabel had told a portion of her sad story to the officer, the rascally skipper of the lightship was haled before him and put through a course of sprouts that resulted in his being handcuffed and confined below. A hawser was made fast to the lightship and she was towed down to Macchias. Dick and his mother were taken ashore and carried before the inspector, to whom they told their stories. As a result Vandegrift and Yard were brought ashore and put in jail to await the action of the United States authorities. Dick secured temporary quarters for his mother in Macchias, and then started that evening for Oldport, largely to surprise Bob Smithers and the Blooms, but more particularly to ally his sweetheart's distress over the report of his death which he knew must have reached her by this time.

He made the short trip on horseback and appeared before Samuel Baker's door about eight o'clock. Mrs. Baker, who answered his knock, threw up her hands with a shriek on seeing him and fainted. That brought the retired fisherman to the door in short order, and he was astonished at beholding the boy whom he supposed to be food for the fishes.

"Dick Adams, is it really you?" he ejaculated.

"Looks like me, doesn't it?" said Dick, cheerfully. "Been making arrangements for my funeral? If you have you'll find a pretty lively corpse on your hands."

"Come right in, Dick. We've all been broke up over you, especially Lou. She's in her room now inconsolable. Just wait here till I break the news of your return to her. But first of all I must attend to my wife. You must have startled her out of her seven senses."

"Took me for a ghost, I suppose."

"She certainly did not expect to see you alive again."

"Bob Smithers has been here, of course."

"Yes, he was here this morning. Said you fell from the Point into the sea in last night's storm and were carried out into the Atlantic. How in thunder did you manage to save yourself?"

"I did it all right. It has proved the luckiest accident that could have happened to me."

"How could that be? Wasn't you nearly drowned?" said Mr. Baker, as he saturated a cloth with ammonia and held it to his wife's nostrils.

"Surely I was; but I'll tell you my story by and by."

Mrs. Baker soon came to her senses, and was overjoyed to find that it had been no ghost but Dick in the flesh she had seen. She decided that it would be better for her to carry the news to Lou, and she did so. Inside of five minutes the girl was sobbing in Dick's arms, while her parents looked on with evident satisfaction.

"How did Bob take it?" asked Bob as soon as Lou was composed enough to sit down.

"He's all down at the mouth," replied Mr. Baker.

"And the Blooms?"

"Can you stand a shock, Dick?" asked the fisherman solemnly.

"A shock! What do you mean?"

"Terrible things have happened at the Point since last night."

"Good gracious! Explain."

"Rachel Bloom is dead, to begin with."

"Dead!" gasped Dick.

"Yes. She fell over the cliff this morning and was killed."

"Great Scott!"

"And Isaac Bloom was found senseless on the edge of the cliff. The doctor says he had a stroke of apoplexy. At any rate he is lying at the cottage in a precarious condition."

"What else is there?"

"It's about a stranger that called at the Bloom cottage last evening."

"I know. I let him in just before Bob and I came over here last night. When we returned to the Point we found he had left the cottage for some purpose, with his traveling bag but without his hat and coat. We hunted for him, found his bag among the rocks of the shore, and judged that he had fallen from the cliff into the sea. It was while Bob and I were climbing back to the cottage that a portion of the cliff gave away and dropped me into the water."

"Yes. We know all the particulars from Bob. Well, that man wasn't lost after all."

"How then did he escape?" asked Dick, in some astonishment.

"He was caught in a clump of bushes that grows on a ledge along the face of the Point and lay unconscious all through the night. It appears to be certain that he was discovered there this morning by Rachel Bloom, for Bob, who was in bed at the time, heard her call her husband and speak to him in an excited way. Both then left the cottage. Bob dressed himself and followed them outside to see what was the matter. When he reached the edge of the cliff near the row of stunted cedars he found Isaac Bloom lying on the ground in a kind of fit. There was no sign of Rachel. Looking down he discovered the stranger, who appears to be a Boston lawyer, named John Fisher, on the ledge. He also discovered to his horror Rachel lying on the rocks thirty-odd feet below.

"He carried Isaac to the cottage, got a rope and sliding down made it fast about the man's body. Then he pulled him up and tried to re-

vive him, but couldn't. Neither could he bring Isaac to his senses, so he hurried to the village for help and a doctor. The doctor said Isaac was in a dangerous state and ordered him put to bed. The man Fisher he revived after much trouble. He appeared to be so stupid that the doctor decided he was under the influence of some drug. Then Bob told his story about the man's singular disappearance the night before which led to your supposed death, and the general impression prevailed that the stranger, whose presence in the neighborhood seemed singular, had deliberately attempted to commit suicide. This idea was subsequently dispelled by the man himself when he had fully recovered. He said that after drinking with Isaac and Rachel Bloom, previous to retiring to a couch which had been prepared for him in the living room, he had been taken with a strange feeling of dizziness which culminated in his losing his senses.

"This statement led some of his hearers to suspect the Blooms of treachery. A search of the room revealed a bottle of choral, and one of the three glasses used showed traces of the drug. It was then believed that the Blooms had drugged and robbed the stranger, who admitted having had a large sum of money in his traveling bag, and pitched him over the cliff. A further search brought to light a roll of bills, \$1,000 in all, hidden in a mattress in the sleeping room. This money was identified by the stranger as his. That settled all doubts.

Dick listened to this story in great amazement. Never had he suspected the Blooms as being capable of such wickedness. He had always sturdily defended their reputations when attacked in his presence, and as there was no evidence against them he had had the best of the argument. Now he was simply paralyzed by the disclosure which was backed up by incontestable proof.

"By the way, Dick," went on Mr. Baker. "I think you'd better postpone your story for the present, much as we are anxious to hear it, and go on to the cottage at once."

"Why so?"

"Well, the fact is Isaac Bloom is continually calling for you. Bob, who is at the cottage looking out for him, hasn't dared to tell him that you are dead. He says the old man knows that he is dying and wants to tell you about a legacy that is coming to you. Bob can't make head or tail out of his ravings, but he told me that you mentioned to him last night that Isaac Bloom once said something to you about a pot of money, and he thinks that is what is on the old man's mind."

"All right, sir, I'll start at once. When I come back I've got a story to tell you that will astonish you not a little."

With those words Dick put on his hat and left the Baker home.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Pot of Money.

Perhaps Bob Smithers didn't nearly have a fit when Dick Adams walked into the cottage unannounced. His eyes opened very wide in a startled way, and stuck out from his head like those of a lobster. For the moment he was al-

most frightened to death, taking his chum for a spook. Dick soon relieved him of his momentary terror, and convinced him that he was good flesh and blood.

"How did you save yourself, Dick?" he asked eagerly. "I was certain that you were lost for good and all."

"I'll tell you after a while. How is the old man? I've been told that he has been asking for me right along."

"So he has. I could hardly keep him in bed at times. In fact if it wasn't that he's partly paralyzed he'd have got up in spite of me."

"Is he off his head?"

"I guess he must be. He talks of nothing but you, a pot of money, some yacht called the Sunbeam."

"What!" exclaimed Dick. "A yacht called the Sunbeam?"

"That's right," nodded Smithers.

"This is important," cried Dick, springing to his feet.

"How so?" asked Bob in surprise.

"You shall know by and by. I must see him right away."

"Well, go inside. He's lying on his bed in the sleeping-room."

So Dick went in followed by Bob. Isaac Bloom lay pale and wan on the bed, and the stamp of death was on his features. He was breathing heavily. The big cat, the old man's favorite, was perched contentedly on the footboard, and he blinked sleepily at the two boys as they approached. At that moment Isaac began to rave in audible tone.

"Dick Adams. That's the name I gave you, but it isn't your right name. No, no. But I didn't want anybody to know your real one for fear it might serve as a clue to the loss of the Sunbeam and the money I found aboard of her."

Dick nearly stopped breathing so great was his excitement. Clearly Isaac Bloom knew a good deal about the loss of the yacht so directly connected with his own history. He must be made to tell all he knew, though what more could he tell than Dick had already from his mother? Still there seemed to be some mystery that the boy wanted unraveled.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled the dying man in a grizzled kind of way. "You'll never learn anything about that gold from me, Petter Vandegrift, though you persevere until doomsday. No, no; the money is not for you. It's Dick's—all Dick's. Every shining piece belongs to him, for it was his father's, and what belonged to the dead father is the property of the living son."

"My gracious!" breathed Dick. "I begin to see a light. He's talking about that treasure trove that father found, and which mother supposes was lost in the sea. He must have found it. When he fell into the water with me in his arms he swam to the shore and we were both saved. Afterward he returned to the wreck, found the chest of gold and brought the money to the cottage and hid it. Why did not he branch out with all that money, like anybody else would have done, and live like a lord?"

As if in answer to the boy's thoughts the old man mumbled:

"Ah, gold is a grand thing to have. Rachel loves it, so do I. We never can get too much

of it. But it mustn't be spent. No, no; for two reasons—because we love to take it from its hiding place and handle it, and count it over and over again, and look at it; and because it belongs to Dick, and we dare not spend one shining piece, for Rachel and I love the boy and would not rob him. No, no; we will rob anybody else but not Dick. Still he mustn't have that money till we are both dead. We could not part with it till then. No, no; we could not part with it. It is our joy, our very life. When we are gone Dick shall do with it as he chooses. He'll live like a gentleman in a grand house. He's a good boy. Too bad that he lost his father and mother. But is his mother dead? Vandegrift must have saved her, for he saved himself. But he's very close. He won't say a word about it. He is a great villain, and now is cap'n of the lightship."

All this would have made Dick simply wild if he had not already met his mother and was able to comprehend the meaning that underlay the old man's ravings.

"So you think Dick is the boy, do you, Vandegrift? But you don't know for certain. You never will know. Softly, Rachel, this man Fisher must go over the cliff. He must not see Peter Vandegrift at the Sheet Anchor, else something might develop that would turn suspicion our way. He recognized the boy, Rachel. You saw it, didn't you? He is dangerous to us; besides he has money in his bag, and we must have it. He will be carried to sea for the tide is running out. No one will ever know. When the boys return I'll tell them he went on to the village. Ha! His coat and hat! The boy looks at me so suspiciously. Can he suspect the truth? What a fool I was not to think of them and throw them after the boy as I did the bag. Ah! Rachel is clever. She'll get me out of the hobble. Yes, yes, of course I'll get the lantern and look for him. He must have walked outside in his sleep. He, he, he!"

Suddenly Isaac Bloom awoke, started up in bed and glared wildly around. His eyes rested on Dick.

"Ha! You have come at last—at last. Good boy. You will now get your legacy—the pot of money. Lucky boy," with a chuckle. "It's a fine legacy. One hundred thousand dollars in gold. In gold, boy—think of that. And every shining piece is yours—all yours, Dick. I see you look incredulous, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Didn't think that poor old Rachel and me, who have always lived like beggars, he, he, he! were rich? Of course not. How could you? We never told you a word. We kept it very close. Very close indeed. We didn't want you to know, for then you wouldn't support us. You'd want us to spend our money."

"Then you'd leave us and go out into the world to make your way ahead, as you told me. Well, it's all yours—a whole pot of glittering shining money. Every bit of it gold. What a fine time you'll have spending it. But then I'll be dead and won't know anything about it. Poor Rachel is already dead. We tried to shove the lawyer down on the rocks this morning and Rachel lost her footing and went over. It is a judgment on us both, and now I am dying, too. But you shall see this pot of money now, and I will take my last look at it too."

Dick had often noticed what seemed to be a fancy worsted bell-rope hanging at the head of the old couple's bed, and he had wondered what it hung there for, but his curiosity had never impelled him to monkey with it. The dying miser now seized it in his trembling fingers.

"Look!" he exclaimed, giving the rope a tug.

To the amazement of Dick and Bob a nicely-adjusted panel slid noiselessly upward showing a recess in the wall. A three-legged iron pot full of glittering gold stood exposed.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

At that moment the old man uttered a gurgling rattle in his throat, the worsted rope slipped out of his nerveless fingers, and the panel slid back into its former position.

The boys instantly turned to the bed where the miserable fisherman lay white and still, his eyes wide open and his jaw dropped. Dick advanced and looked closer.

"It's all over with him," he said, slowly with some emotion. "He is dead."

"He went off mighty quick," replied Smithers.

"It's just as well since he couldn't recover. In fact it is better as it is, for had he got well he would have been sent to prison for his attempt on John Fisher's life. Where is the lawyer now?"

"In bed with a fever at the Sheet Anchor."

"His visit to this place seems like the work of fate."

"How do you make that out?"

"If he hadn't come nothing probably would have happened, and then I shouldn't have discovered my mother."

"You're fooling, aren't you, about your mother? How could you find your mother since you fell down the cliff? Besides, you told me that you guessed your mother and father were lost the night you were washed ashore from some wreck?"

"You'll have to have patience, Bob. You'll learn all in good time. Hand me that towel yonder, so I can tie up the old man's jaw."

Bob did so. Dick then laid the old man's hands by his side and covered his head and all with the coverlid.

"Now I'll take the cat with me down to the Bakers'. It won't do to leave the animal here with the dead man."

"Say, Dick, what are you goin' to do about that money in the wall? Somebody might jerk that bell rope for fun, then they'd discover the pot of gold, and you'd never see it again."

"Don't worry, I'll be on hand here after I tell my story to the Bakers. You and I, and perhaps Mr. Baker, will watch in the cottage to-night. I've got the keys of the place, and everybody will recognize my right to boss matters. Don't you say a word yourself about that money."

They soon reached the Baker home where Dick reported the death of Isaac Bloom. Then Dick, in the presence of Bob and the Baker family, told the story of his adventures during the night, concluding with the revelation made by the old man just before his death which made him, Dick, the heir of \$100,000 in gold coin. To say that

the auditors were amazed at all they heard would but faintly describe the effect produced upon them by Dick's narrative.

"Then you're not Dick Adams after all," blurted out Bob, "but Jack Warren?"

"That's about the size of it," laughed Dick. "But what's in a name? I shall always be the same Dick that you and Lou and her father and mother have known up to this moment. I have changed my name, or rather I have resumed my right one, but I hope I haven't changed my nature. Isn't it all the same to you, Lou, whether I'm Dick Adams or Jack Warren?" looking at his sweetheart.

"Just the same, Dick—I mean Jack," as she corrected herself with a little laugh.

"I'm going to bring mother to-morrow from Macchias," said Dick, "and I want you to give her a royal welcome. She has suffered as few women have, I think, and I shall make it the duty of my life to try and repair her twelve years of misfortune."

"And I will help you, Dick," replied Lou, placing her hand on her boy lover's shoulder.

Dick, Bob and Mr. Baker spent the night at the Bloom cottage on the Point. Next morning Dick brought his mother to the village and introduced her to the Bakers, who insisted that she must make their house her home as long as she wished. On the following day Isaac and Rachel Bloom were buried side by side in the village churchyard, and Dick eventually placed suitable headstones to mark their last resting places. Dick and his mother visited John Fisher at the Sheet Anchor that afternoon and the lawyer was the most surprised as well as delighted man in the village when he recognized the supposedly dead wife and son of his old friend and client Jack Warren.

In due time Vandegrift and Yard were tried in a United States court, convicted and sent to prison for a goodly number of years. Vandegrift died within a year and Yard is still serving his time.

As for Dick, now Jack Warren, he and his mother soon afterward went to Boston, and made their home there, the boy going to an academy, whence he graduated into Harvard College.

Soon after he received his degree he was married to Lou Baker, and the young couple, with Isabel, went to housekeeping on their own account. Jack went into business for himself, and took Bob in as a clerk, but notwithstanding the social and financial difference between them they are still chums as of yore. Bob works like a Trojan, for he says that he means to earn a pot of money for himself before many moons, and we have no doubt but he will succeed in this respect.

To-day Jack, his young wife and his dearly loved mother make one of the happiest households in the city of Boston, and Bob Smithers is always on hand to complete the family circle. They often talk about the old days at Oldport, but the topic that most interests Bob is the Pot of Money, the Legacy of a Lucky Boy.

Next week's issue will contain "FROM RAGS TO RICHES; or, A LUCKY WALL STREET MESSENGER."

CURRENT NEWS

APARTMENT IN LOG

A hollow fir log, twenty-two feet long and eight feet in diameter, mounted on a large truck, was introduced to motordom by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cave of Longview, Wash. They proposed to show Easterners what a real fire splinter from the Northwest woods looks like. The interior of the log is divided into a combination bedroom and parlor, kitchenette, breakfast nook, bathroom with shower and other conveniences, such as electricity and running water.

COURTEOUS BANDITS ROB DENTIST

Two holiday bandits sauntered into the dental office of Dr. Harry Jarmul, 68 Eighth Avenue, New York, as he finished an operation. With the aid of a revolver the pair took from the surgeon \$100 he had just drawn from the bank to buy holiday gifts.

The well dressed holdup men made no effort to alarm the dentist unnecessarily and after he showed his respect for the revolver treated him with consideration. They took the \$100 from his wallet, but left him the purse, several dollars change and the gold used for fillings. For a time they hesitated about taking his watch, but he asked that they let him keep it, since it was an heirloom.

"You've been a good fellow, doc," one of them said, "and now we'll show you that we are good fellows, too."

Returning the watch to him, they stepped to the door and turned to remark, "You're a good scout, old boy. If you give us fifteen minutes' time to get away we'll not disturb you again."

Dr. Jarmul waited a quarter of an hour, by his watch, and then telephoned the police.

LARGEST BUILDING PLANNED IN CHICAGO

A world's temple to agriculture, the largest building in the world, including a broadcasting tower rivaling the Eiffel in Paris, a convention hall of 20,000 seats and a commercial hotel of 3,500 rooms, the whole to cost \$30,000,000, is planned by a Midwest group headed by Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois. The structure to be erected here would be known as the American Agricultural Society Building.

According to announced plans, the building would be the national centre of farm activities in America, such as was urged in recent resolutions adopted by delegates to the American Farm Bureau Federation convention. Associated with Lowden are William Wrigley Jr., Robert M. Stewart, Lawrence Whiting and others.

Financing of the project is assured, according to Whiting, whose company financed the American Furniture Mart Building, recently completed here.

The building would front on Michigan Boulevard at the juncture with the Chicago river, with docks for passenger and freight boats and warehouse facilities and would include a suburban train station.

ACROSS THE BAIKAL

There are only four lakes larger than the Baikal, in Siberia—Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Lake Nyanza. In shape and length it is a flattened-out crescent. Some of the mountains in its neighborhood are very beautiful, but they do not rise more than 4,500 feet above the water. The scenery is compared by some to that of certain parts of Scotland. The mountains form more than eighty capes, most of which have received their names from some particular plant, tree or fish that happens to be found there. The neighborhood around Lake Baikal is of a volcanic nature. In Irkutsk an earthquake was felt about a year ago which disturbed the sick in their beds.

In winter the ice on the lake has the peculiarity that it closes together after having been cut through. This is a result of the continual pressure of water from the sides and of its many currents. The River Angara flows through the entire length of the lake. Of the 336 rivers that flow into the Baikal this river is the only one that flows out. There are also volcanic forces working below; hence the tradition that a drowning man is thrown out, rather than sucked in, as would be the case in other waters.

The land on the further side of the Baikal is rich in naphtha springs. The way in which the presence of naphtha was discovered is curious. Near the mouth of the River Tourka a substance like wax is frequently to be found floating on the water. The natives call it "baikerit," or sea wax, and employ it as an external remedy for rheumatism. It burns quickly, with a clear flame, and forms much soot. Mr. Chamarin, of Irkutsk, collected some of this analyzation and distilled from it a yellow oil containing all the properties of an excellent petroleum.

In winter, when the lake is crossed by sleigh, the ice becomes three and a half feet thick, but owing to the continual and violent movement of the water it freezes slowly, and the surface is not completely covered with ice till the end of December. In spite of the great thickness of the ice, immense fissures and heaps of broken ice are continually forming; the fissures are often as much as six feet wide and more than a mile long. Their formation is accompanied by a loud cracking sound, as loud as thunder; water at once fills them and forms a kind of river. In about a week or fortnight this river freezes, but at the same time new fissures are formed in other directions. In spring the ice takes two months to melt.

There is a remarkable kind of fish said to be found only in the Baikal. It is called golomianka and exists only in the deepest parts, very far below the surface. It has never been seen alive, for when it arises to the sunlight it expires. There are also several kind of sponge peculiar to this lake. They are of a rich-green color and contain chlorophyl. People use them in their natural state to clean the copper of their samovars, while silver merchants in Irkutsk use them dry to polish silver.

Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

"Brandy—whisky! Anything!" he gasped. "For heaven's sake, be quick!"

Wagner had a bottle of brandy which he kept for medicinal purposes, and he hastened to produce it.

Brown drank eagerly and sank into a chair.

"I thought I'd find you here, Rob," he groaned. "I'm done for, surest thing."

"Where is your wound?" asked Rob, sympathetically. "You ought to get to the hospital while you are able."

"Somewhere in the chest. I'm afraid one of my lungs is pierced. I feel as if I was bleeding internally. It's no use, I can't go another step. Say, Rob?"

"Well?"

"It was dead rotten of me to desert that girl of yours."

"Oh, never mind about that now."

"But I do mind and, say, I lied to you when I claimed to have delivered those dispatches to General Taylor, and I didn't have to."

"I know it. I have seen General Taylor. It was he who appointed me here. Never mind. Brown, I wish I could do something for you."

"You can't do a thing but give me another drink."

"You shall have it," said Rob, passing the bottle.

It was the reporter's last drink.

He had scarcely swallowed it when his speech grew incoherent.

All at once his head fell forward and before Rob could reach his side he was dead.

Day was now beginning to dawn. The firing, which for a short time had ceased, began again.

Rob, looking out of the window, saw that the allies were again on the retreat.

The Germans followed up their advantage closely.

Shells began dropping about the wireless plant. The explosions were terrific.

Rob sent word about Brown by a messenger who came in, and men came and removed the corpse.

It was now almost time to awaken the day men, who slept in the adjoining room. Rob was just about to do this when a shell struck the building, utterly demolishing it.

All Rob knew was that a frightful explosion was followed by a general crash and mix-up.

Consciousness left him. When it returned two days later our hero found himself stretched upon a hospital bed with his right arm and left leg broken and his head terribly cut and bruised.

All around him lay the wounded. It was a pitiful thing to hear the groans.

A priest came up to the cot.

"Ah, my son! Thank heaven you are conscious once more," he said. "Do you desire to confess?"

"Father, I am not a Catholic," replied Rob. "Am I going to die?"

"The surgeon thinks not. He predicts your speedy recovery."

"My partner—Joe Wagner?"

"Dead, my son. So are the other two operators. They were instantly killed. Your escape was a miracle."

"Are we in danger of the Germans here?"

"Not in any present danger. They have been forced back many miles. But you must not talk too much. Here comes the nurse. Bless you, my son. I shall pray for your speedy recovery."

The priest had gone; the Red Cross nurse had come.

Rob gazed upon her with wide-open eyes.

"Edith!" he gasped.

"Yes, Rob, it is I," she replied sweetly. "I have been your attendant from the first."

She knelt beside him and took his hand.

"Dear Rob," she murmured, "it was from your ravings that I learned your secret. You love me. I also love you dearly. I am not going to wait for you to ask me to marry you, Rob. I stand ready to marry you this very day, for there is no telling what tomorrow will bring forth."

"But, Edith, it cannot, must not be."

"And why not? Don't you love me, Rob?"

"Love you! Oh, if you only knew!"

"Then why—"

"But you are rich, Edith. I was told you are worth over a million in your own right."

"All of that, and there will be as much more when my dear mother passes on. By the way, she is safe in London, Rob."

"Heaven alone knows how deeply I love you, Edith, but I am only a poor fellow without a cent to my name."

"What is that when I have enough for us both, and to spare? Shall we consider it settled, Rob?"

Of course it was settled.

Edith would not hear to a moment's delay.

She went at once for Father Maguire, the priest, and then and there two hearts were made one.

(The End.)

COMING NEXT WEEK!

A NEW SERIAL STORY

— Entitled —

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or, —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

DON'T FAIL TO READ IT!

Opening Chapters Next Week

HERE AND THERE

EGYPTIAN OBELISK IN PARIS SQUARE LEANING

A disturbing discovery has been made in Paris. The famous obelisk—counterpart of the obelisk in Central Park, New York City—which Napoleon brought from Egypt and which stands in the center of the Place de la Concorde, has been found to be leaning. While there is no probability of the huge monolith emulating Pisa's Tower, there is no doubt that the obelisk inclines slightly to one side.

No one knows whether it has always leaned in its present position. But the authorities have refused to become worried over the situation. If the obelisk leans—and careful photographs have been taken which prove that it does, according to the Paris press—it will be left leaning.

FISH ARE SHOVELED FROM RIVER

Smelt started running into Cowlitz River from the Columbia recently. Catching these miniature fish is now the event of the winter, farmers shoveling them up by the scoopful, filling barrels and boxes; women using lace curtain nets at the end of portiere poles; boys and girls with father's auto cover for a seine and the professional fisher with his linen thread nets.

These fish, about seven to nine inches long, run in schools, often filling the river from bank to bank. They are enroute upstream to spawn, after which the smelt return to the ocean and, like the fur seal, spend a long period far from human eyes.

The food value of the smelt is what makes it so attractive, being canned in glass jars, pickled in spices, salted and dried.

DECLARED DEAD BY COURT, MUST STAY DEAD

August Freyder recently returned to his home at Gambenheim, on the lower Rhine, in Alsace, after an absence of forty-three years in the United States, to find himself deprived of all of his property and officially and legally dead.

In 1881, when he was declared eligible for military service, Freyder, not desiring to serve in the German army, crossed the frontier into France and embarked for America. His relatives, after waiting twenty years, had Freyder declared legally dead. Then they took possession of his property.

Freyder has been told by the courts that he must remain dead judicially until the tribunal shall resurrect him.

\$1,750,000 IN GOLD COINS HERE BY BECK

A collection of gold coins, said to be valued at \$1,750,000, has been found among the assets of John A. Beck, prominent Pittsburgh business man and philanthropist, who died recently. These were discovered in safe deposit boxes after the executors took charge of the estate.

For years Beck was a collector of gold coins, both of American and foreign countries. The face value of the coins is placed at \$1,500,000.

According to friends of Beck, he declared he

would never be caught short of ready cash for a business deal and always kept \$1,000,000 available.

Beck's will in his own handwriting read: "Everything I have I leave to my family."

It was the shortest will ever offered for probate in Pittsburgh. It disposed of more than \$2,000,000 in addition to the gold.

TERROR OF LIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA FIRES LAST SHOT

"Yank" Allen, the terror of South African lions, has died at Capetown, but only after he accounted for 258 of the beasts. Allen, who was a native of Texas, came to South Africa seventeen years ago to rid the British South African Company's ranches of lions. So well did he do his work that for the last ten years lions in the company's district became about as abundant as bison on the American prairie, and he eventually cut himself out of a job. His bag of lions is a record even for South Africa.

Allen's description of a lion was that it was nothing more than a big dog, and that it was safest not to open fire until the animal was within twenty yards of the gun.

PRISON LIFE A LUXURY

Prison life in Switzerland is a luxury instead of a punishment. The comic opera jail at Thorburg, where the inmates did as they pleased, has only recently been suppressed by the Berne authorities, yet details are published of a similar institution at Sarnen in the canton of Oswald. Sarnen is apparently an ideal resort, for the happy criminals who are sentenced to terms of "detention" in that institution have a far better time than hundreds of "free" Swiss citizens who are forced to earn their bread. A correspondent of a Lausanne paper states that he was passing through Sarnen when he saw a number of men dressed in dark blue clothes with white stripes walking about the village smoking and joking. Others were seated in a cafe, and some were working in a leisurely manner carrying bricks for the construction of a new building. To his astonishment the correspondent found that the men were convicts from the cantonal prison close by. These convicts are permitted to leave the prison early in the morning and find work around Sarnen or walk about the country until nightfall, when they return of their own accord to the prison. They are unaccompanied by wardens, and there is nothing to prevent their escaping, but they are far too comfortable to think of relinquishing their quarters, for they have as much liberty as other men, and are, moreover, fed and lodged for nothing. The money earned by these convicts who choose to work can be spent as they like. One convict who is employed as a gardener by a local magistrate sends his monthly salary to his wife and children. Two or three convicts "escaped" some weeks ago, but they eventually returned to the prison in a half-famished condition, and after being severely reprimanded they were allowed to return to their apartments.

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

CRYSTAL CAUSES HOWL

If the reflex set whistles and oscillates, it is pretty sure sign that the crystal is no good or is out of adjustment.

JUST WATCH YOUR CONDENSERS

A short circuited phone condenser will make your receiving set absolutely worthless.

TESTING BATTERY

The storage battery should never be tested with anything but an instrument known as a hydrometer. Testing with a piece of wire to see the spark is one of the worst things for the battery. It causes it to short circuit the poles.

BAD LOOKING AERIAL POLES

If you must have an aerial on the roof make a decent job of it. Two-thirds of the poles in New York City are an absolute disgrace not only to the apartment house but to the owner of the radio set. Is it any wonder that some landlords object to the erection of aerials?

Use straight poles, and draw your wire tight. Paint the pole. While we are on the subject of aerials read this:

An antenna about 125 feet long, including the lead-in, is ideal for reception of broadcasting stations. If the wire is too long it will be difficult to receive the lower wave lengths. The advantage of a long wire is increased signal strength on the higher wave lengths. A long wire will pick up more static than a short wire.

"B" BATTERY CONNECTIONS

A new "B" battery should not be connected in the circuit with other "B" batteries partially "dead." If this is done the life of the new battery will be shortened. When a 22½-volt "B" battery drops to 17 volts it should be discarded. The period of usefulness of a 45-volt "B" battery is over when the voltage drops to 37 volts. Amplifier tubes are not as sensitive to "B" battery variations as the detector and therefore a "B" battery which is too low to work the detector efficiently can be used for a while on the amplifiers. There is a "B" battery voltage at which each tube operates best and often listeners apply too much plate voltage to get increased volume. In such a case distortion occurs and the quality of reception is lowered.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

"Those good old days" in radio were not always so good, after all.

Every radio fan who was in on the new art in its infancy will always remember with a vividness and joy akin to affection his experiments and struggles, and his delight when he overcome the difficulties under which he worked and got results with his primitive set.

But if you were one of those early fans, of

course you remember how your house was strewn with huge coils, switchboards and other apparatus, and how crude your set looked. You will never forget, however, the thrill when you brought in some thing, even if it was only the time signals at Arlington, on an ear phone.

Loud speakers, amplification without distortion, multi-tube circuits, distance reception, scores of powerful broadcasting stations, daily programs that filled two or three columns of the newspapers—all these then meant nothing in your young life. Enthusiastic as you were about radio, you had not yet dreamed how the new utility would permeate and influence almost every phase of life. Now the general public is beginning to realize how rapidly and how potently radio is affecting education, music, entertainment, sports, politics and other spheres of modern life. But 'way back there in the beginning who dreamed of the ramifications of radio? Honestly, did you ever expect then to hear a world's series over the radio?

And yet what a short few years ago it was when radio was in its beginning stages everywhere. Its rush into everyday life is one of the miracles of the age.

RECEIVING ON ALL WAVES

A very common complaint from listeners is that their tuner secondary will not cover the broadcast wave-length band when used with their .0005 mfd. or .00025 mfd. variable condensers. The usual fault is that the tuners will not go high enough, and the questioner wants to know how he can cover the entire broadcast range with one coil and without taps.

It is entirely possible to cover the whole broadcast range from 225 meters to 550 meters, with an untapped coil, and even a .00025 mfd (11-plate) variable condenser. With a .005 mfd. (23-plate) variable the problem becomes easier. Therefore, if you cannot cover the broadcast range from one end to the other, do not say that it cannot be done, but rewind your secondary coils.

In nearly every case the listener uses too few turns. If your tuner does not tune high enough to get the longer-wave stations, it is a positive sign that you have not enough turns on the coil, and the only remedy is to wind on more turns. That's simple enough to remember, isn't it?

Now about these coil sizes to give you the full range with an 11-plate condenser. If you will take a four-inch cardboard tube and on it wind 58 turns of the No. 22 double cotton covered wire, you will find that this coil, when used with any good 11 or 13-plate variable condenser, will give you a range from about 198 meters to more than 570 meters. Note that this provides for a considerable margin at each end of the scale.

If you use a .0005 mfd. condenser (23 plates) a 45-turn coil of the same size wire on the same size tube will go from about 210 meters to well over 600 meters. Again we have a good margin.

With a 3½-inch diameter tube you will need more turns. With the 13-plate condenser you will need approximately 80 turns of wire.

GOOD READING

DOUBLE APPLE CROP

A freak of nature has been discovered in M. N. Cook's apple tree at Springfield, Mo. He has harvested two crops of apples from the tree this year. The first crop was gathered in July. Two weeks later the tree appeared in full bloom, and on Armistice Day the second crop was picked. The apples are of the yellow transparent variety.

WHALE'S SMALL THROAT

The blue whale sometimes reached a length of eighty or eighty-five feet, says *Nature Magazine*. The opened mouth of one of these monsters is so large that ten or twelve men can stand upright in its depth, yet the throat measures only about eight inches in diameter.

COUNTERFEITERS' TRICKS

A favorite method of counterfeiting is to use silver coins of Central and South American republics, which are many times below our silver in value, and strike them off as United States coins under a powerful press which absolutely effaces the old designs. The new coins are silver, and they look all right. The only fault is that they are light in weight.

In the counterfeiting of paper money there are four principal methods. The first is the copying of notes by hand, putting every finest line and imitating every silk thread in the paper of the original with delicate pen and ink work. Some of these notes cannot be detected with the naked eye even by some experts.

Another way is the engraving of a steel plate from which the bogus paper is printed. The engraving must always be done by hand. Most of the men who have been caught at it have been expert engravers.

Photographic reproduction is a third favorite process of turning out counterfeit money. At first thought it would seem that this would be absolutely accurate and that it would be most difficult of all counterfeit work to detect, but, strangely enough, it is not so. The camera reproductions are somehow weak and flat and can be easily detected.

The fourth method is the raising of genuine bills and notes—taking a \$5 bill, for instance, and changing it to a ten. The numerals are erased in the corners and the blanks are then filled in so carefully that time and again bank cashiers and tellers have been deceived. It takes a good man a whole day to change one bill. Fives raised to tens are the most frequent offenders of this sort. The workman thus makes \$5 a day. Considering the risk he takes it is not very much.

"KID PORTCHESTER" WAS SLAIN

They've buried "Kid Portchester."

Among the sea of faces in the lurid light of Essex and Delancy streets detectives were still seeking "Cut 'Em Up Hymie," another gangster, at whom they say the Kid was aiming last July when he shot a bystander. The Kid was killed in the neighborhood by three unknown assailants one Sunday night not long ago.

Twenty years ago Isidore Cohen brought his little wife and their two sons and two daughters from Odessa and settled in Chicago. Long hours of toil and the two, working side by side, built up a sizable tailoring trade.

Meanwhile little Harry, a year old when he left Odessa, was growing to youth. At the summer public school he commanded the respect of his teachers, who pleaded with the parents to send him to high school. He entered Marshall High.

Then the World War and the Liberty Loans. Harry had been contributing cartoons to a Chicago newspaper and now turned his hand to a Liberty Loan poster. His was chosen from over a thousand submitted and his proud parents saw his art displayed to the entire city.

But the next year brought an unexpected turn and the little tailoring shop lost \$18,000. The family packed off for New York.

The family had been here but a few months when Harry lost his job as a shipping clerk. The firm for which he worked failed. They tried again, employing Harry, but failed again. The \$30 Harry had been turning over to his mother every Saturday night was no longer coming in. Harry, in an unavailing hunt for a job, returned each night to cried to his mother.

"I told him don't worry," she said. "And then something happened. He seemed to change and, where before he would be home every night at 6 o'clock, he would not get home until 3—sometimes not at all."

Tales reached Mrs. Cohen that her boy was always hanging around Essex and Delancy streets. There followed long hours, sometimes days, of searching by the aged mother for her wayward son. One day she found him in a squalid apartment in Essex street.

Tearful pleading evoked but derision from Harry's associates. But Harry promised to come home. He kept his promise.

He left his family again and promised to return Thursday. Thursday passed, and he did not come. So did Friday, and Saturday. Sunday, nearly exhausted from anxiety, Mrs. Cohen and her husband set out once again to find him. At supper time, when she had not eaten all day, she spied him at Essex and Delancy streets. Rushing up to him, and flinging her arms around him, she entreated him to come home.

"To-morrow, mother, to-morrow," she said he told her. Just when she expected him there came a knock at the door. She ran to open it. Instead of her son, a policeman stood there. He had come to tell her Harry was dead.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1925

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FROM ALL POINTS

AFRICAN WHALE MEAT

Cannel whale meat has become an established commodity on the West Coast of Africa, where the entire 1923 pack of British Columbia was sold.

EELS IN TANKERS

Seventy thousand pounds of eels in four canal tankers passed through Albany on their way to New York. An attendant accompanied each tanker to toss back the adventurous ones that succeeded in reaching the deck.

VOLCANO AS LIGHTHOUSE

A volcano on the island of San Salvador serves the purpose of a lighthouse and requires no attention. The volcanic lighthouse is about eight miles from the Port of Acajutla. It is a veritable pillar of cloud by day, and the flash of its light by night has served as a guide to mariners for several centuries.

LONDON WOMEN STARVE TO ACHIEVE SLIM FIGURE

The cult of the slim figure is causing many social leaders in Mayfair, renowned for the lavishness of their entertaining, to live on semi-starvation rations.

The tables at a recent party given by a notable Mayfair hostess were crowded with delicious things which were utterly neglected. The guests would not even eat plain cake. They nibbled, instead, thin slices of vitamin wheat bread and butter and drank weak tea.

A NATURAL WONDER

A natural wonder of the Black Hills, S. D., in the form of an ice cave, is to be developed and made an attraction for tourists. The ice cave is situated at Englewood and is one of the few natural wonders of its kind in the world.

As a unique feature among the natural attractions of the Black Hills it ranks with Wind Cave and with Crystal Cave, and in some respects is even more wonderful than either of these. The cave has developed peculiar features, which make it a most mystifying proposition.

Some ten or eleven years ago, what now is the ice cave, was run as a tunnel by the late Harvey Sheffer, and had been pushed about ninety feet into the hill when work was abandoned, as no satisfactory mineral showing was encountered. The fact that it had the power of producing ice even during the hottest summer weather was not discovered until later.

In the hottest months of the year ice forms in the tunnel, sometimes to a depth of three feet, and a remarkable feature is that during cold weather the ice disappears. On the surface of the ground above the face of the tunnel is a spot from which the heaviest snow is melted in winter and green grass is always found there, in all seasons of the year.

The formation of the ice is believed to be due to the presence of certain chemicals in the solutions which trickle through the rocks, which, coming in contact with currents of air, cause a lowering of temperature. Why the ice should disappear in winter is not so easily explained, unless it is that the production of a low temperature, under the circumstances, requires the presence of warm air currents in conjunction with the chemicals contained in the solutions.

LAUGHS

Tommy—Papa, what do men mean by circumstances over which they have no control?
Tommy's Papa—Wives, my son.

Little Willowdean, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said: "What is the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

"How like its father it is," said the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was more than seventy years of age, and who had married a young wife. "Very like," said a satirical lady; "bald, and not a tooth in its head."

Sylvester—Say, Blake, if Santa Claus gave me three apples and you two pears, and told us to put them all together and then divide the lot equally amongst you and me and little sister Lucille, how many would we all get? Blake—That's easy. You and sis would get left.

"What kind of a clock do you call that, landlord?" asked a visitor, comparing his with the mantel time-keeper in a country hotel. "That? Oh, that's one o' them eight-day fellers," replied the landlord; "every eight days you have to take it around to get fixed, yer know."

In the private ward of a hospital there was recently a testy old millionaire whose case gave his physician considerable difficulty at first. "Well," asked the crusty patient one morning, "how do you find me this morning?" "You're getting on fine," responded the doctor, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction. "Your legs are still swollen; but that doesn't trouble me." "Of course it doesn't!" howled the old man. "And let me tell you this: If your legs were swollen it wouldn't trouble me, either!"

FROM EVERYWHERE

MIRROR ROAD SIGN

For the protection of motorists at a dangerous curve on an English highway, a large double mirror has been erected. It is set at such an angle, says Popular Mechanics, that traffic approaching from either direction is visible at some distance to a driver going toward the curve so that he has ample time to turn out or slacken speed. The arrangement is said to have reduced the numbers of accidents at this spot.

HIDES DIAMOND IN SHOE

A man described as a physician of Glen Cove, L. I., retrieved from an old shoe in the Salvation Army home at Hempstead an \$1,100 diamond ring that he had bought for his wife and had hid in the shoe a short time before his wife gave it away. Salvation Army workers had visited Glen Cove on Wednesday and had collected old clothing and discarded shoes, which were placed in a pile at the Hempstead home. Among these was a pair of shoes from the physician's home.

The caretaker at the home was awakened early yesterday by knocks on the door. The physician, much excited, demanded permission to look at the old shoes obtained in Glen Cove. He searched through the pile and grabbed a worn patent leather shoe, from which he drew out the ring.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN BALL LIGHTNING?

Information based on first hand observation of ball lightning has been requested by Mr. W. J. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau. So little is known about the real nature of this peculiar atmosphere phenomenon that an effort is now being made to solve its puzzle. Mr. Humphreys desired to get careful, authentic accounts of observed cases in which ball lightning has been seen by the person sending the account, with the fullest particulars of every detail and aspect of the phenomena witnessed. This form of lightning has been the subject of many inaccurate accounts and no greatly scientific determination of its nature has ever been made.

For one thing, few professional scientists have ever seen it. Some deny the objective existence of ball lightning, regarding it as an illusion due to some peculiar effect of ordinary lightning on the beholders. Those who believe that they have seen it describe it as a ball of fire moving along slowly, often with a hissing or sputtering noise. It may char articles which it touches or it may leave no effect at all. It may disappear silently or it may explode with a bang. On the whole, there is good ground for believing that the phenomenon really happens, but it is extremely difficult to get careful, cool-headed observation of it. Anyone possessing really authentic information is urged to send it to Mr. W. J. Humphreys, at the Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

INCREASED USE IN WINTER OF NATIONAL PARK SHOWN

Growing popularity of the country's national parks and their use for winter sports, as well as for summer vacation visits, are combining to make

the parks self-supporting, it is pointed out in the annual report of the National Park Service, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington.

The parks are being recognized, said the report, as ideal winter playgrounds, with exceptional facilities for skating, snowshoeing and tobogganing.

Revenues from national parks and monuments last year totaled 663,886, more than \$150,000 more than for the previous year. Travel to them increased considerably over the 1923 record breaking visiting lists in spite of adverse conditions such as quarantines and forest fires.

An urgent need for extending the boundaries of several of the national parks was emphasized, particularly that of the Yellowstone southward to include the Teton Mountains and the area which is the breeding ground for the Yellowstone moose.

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ARTICLES OF INTEREST

BRITISH ACCEPT RADIO AS A CURE FOR NERVE CASES

Radio is recognized by British hospital authorities as a treatment for nerve cases and insomnia, and a number of institutions are installing wireless equipment.

Doctors declare the radio programs are important to nerve patients not only in their direct effects but as antidotes for the unpleasant everyday street noises.

Sir Henry Hadow is firmly convinced of the healing influence of radio music, and Sir Bruce-Porter attributes to it the high turnover of 100 patients a month at the London General Hospital.

BOGUS WAR STAMPS

Ben Newmark assistant state fire marshal of Chicago, who was jailed on a charge of contempt in connection with the trial two years ago of Gov. Len Small, was sought by Federal agents on warrants charging counterfeiting Liberty bonds and treasury savings stamps.

With him were named ten others, two of them women. Seventy other Chicagoans were said by Federal agents to be involved. The operations affected banks in New York and as far west as Omaha.

William Keith, attorney; R. A. Stubbins, bond and insurance broker; J. R. McDonald, R. E. Manley, William W. Zigge, Daniel Ambruso, Sam Gorgolione, Herbert S. Schmitz, Mrs. Laura E. Schmitz and Miss Frances Walsh were listed in the warrants.

Seven of the defendants have been arrested and four, including Newmark, are at large.

The counterfeiting was of a \$5 war revenue stamp. The fraud was not discovered until \$200,000 worth of stamps had been cashed in the Chicago post-office. More than a half million dollars' worth of the stamps have been cashed.

A PLUCKY OFFICER

Frustrating an attempted hold-up, Patrolman Edward M. Davis, attached to Deputy Commissioner Gillespie's staff, was shot in the jaw during a pistol battle with five men he caught robbing John Stanley, restaurant owner, at No. 232 West 48th street, New York City.

William Sanders, twenty-five, a chauffeur, was shot through the hand by Davis. Held at Bellevue Hospital, charged with attempted robbery and felonious assault, Sanders refused to give any information about his companions. About fifteen shots were fired during the fight, arousing the entire neighborhood.

Davis is known in the Tenderloin as "Mickey." He was attached to the West 47th street station nine years. When he was transferred to Commissioner Gillespie's staff merchants in the district petitioned Commissioner Enright for his return.

He had finished an all-night turn in search of

liquor law violators and was on his way home when he saw the hold-up in an alley next to the restaurant. Five men, all with revolvers, were backing Stanley against a wall and searching him.

Davis drew his pistol, ran into the alley and shouted: "Throw up your hands!" One of the five fired and Davis dropped. As the robbers fled to the street Davis crawled after them on hands and knees, emptying his revolver. The fugitives returned the fire.

Patrolman George Hines, on his way to report at the Liberty avenue station, Brooklyn, heard the shots and ran up. He chased Sanders, fired two shots over the man's head and captured him at Eighth avenue and 47th street.

Davis was taken to Roosevelt Hospital, where the bullet was removed from his jaw. His wound is not considered serious. Later in the day he was sent home. Stanley said he had \$1,000 in his pocket when the men held him up, but that the quick action of Davis prevented the robbers from taking it.

A POLICE ROUND-UP

In an abandoned tourist camp near Joliet, Ill., a large automobile containing fifty-four of seventy mail sacks taken in a hold-up of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train near Rondout, Ill., was found. Securities totalling \$100,000 were recovered. Fifteen of the mail sacks had been opened.

Daniel Murphy, a farmer, discovered the automobile which, it was learned, was one stolen from Mrs. Irene Dessenberg, of Chicago, three months ago. It was hidden behind a clump of trees.

Two men and a woman, found in a nearby roadhouse, were taken into custody, bringing the total suspects arrested to nine men and three women.

A further clue to the identity of one of the men was found in the automobile. It was a black soft hat.

Verbal admissions from three of the men in custody, Chief of Police Morgan Collins said, have been obtained, naming all the participants in the hold-up, ten in number.

Chief of Detectives Hughes said sixty-one pouches were taken in the hold-up and that fifty-five have been recovered, including those found near Joliet. He believes the six missing bags were used by the bandits to carry away negotiable securities.

Dr. Spencer, an elusive figure convicted in the \$1,000,000 Werner safety vaults robbery, was arrested.

"We know now the money in the stolen bags amounted to about \$70,000 and the bonds to about \$3,000,000," the chief said.

The police are searching for Ernest Fontana and Anthony A. Kissane, who are believed to have the \$3,000,000 in securities and cash in their possession. Their arrest is expected. Fontana's brother, Carlos, said to be the leader of a notorious Chicago gang, was taken into custody.

THE LACHINE CANAL

The Lachine Canal extending from Lachine to Montreal and overcoming the St. Louis Rapids, is 8½ miles long. The Lachine Canal, with the chain of artificial waterways that succeeded it, opened the way to shipping to the Great Lakes. The first sod in the digging of the Lachine Canal was turned in July, 1821, by John Richardson of Montreal. Even before the close of the French regime in Canada, efforts had been made to cut a canal across the Island of Montreal and M. de Catalogne succeeded in building a waterway practicable for the canoes of the fur traders. The Lachine Canal, commenced in 1821, was completed four years later, at a cost of \$440,000. Before its completion, however, the increasing draught of inland shipping made it practically useless, and in 1843 work was begun on an enlargement. Since then the canal has been repeatedly deepened, to keep pace with the requirements of lake shipping, until at present a 14-foot channel is available.



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MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. National Agency, Dept. A, 4606 Sta. E. Kansas City, Mo.

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MARRY—Register with one of the oldest Companies on earth. If married within ninety days, pay marriage fee. Particulars, Hazen A. Horton, Desk J., Marshall, Mich.

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CHARMING YOUNG LADY, worth \$50,000, will marry. C., Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

YOUNG WIDOW, very wealthy, but lonely, will marry. Eva, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

PRETTY MAIDEN, worth \$60,000, but so lonesome. L., Box 39, Oxford, Fla.

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TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., PC., Baltimore, Md.

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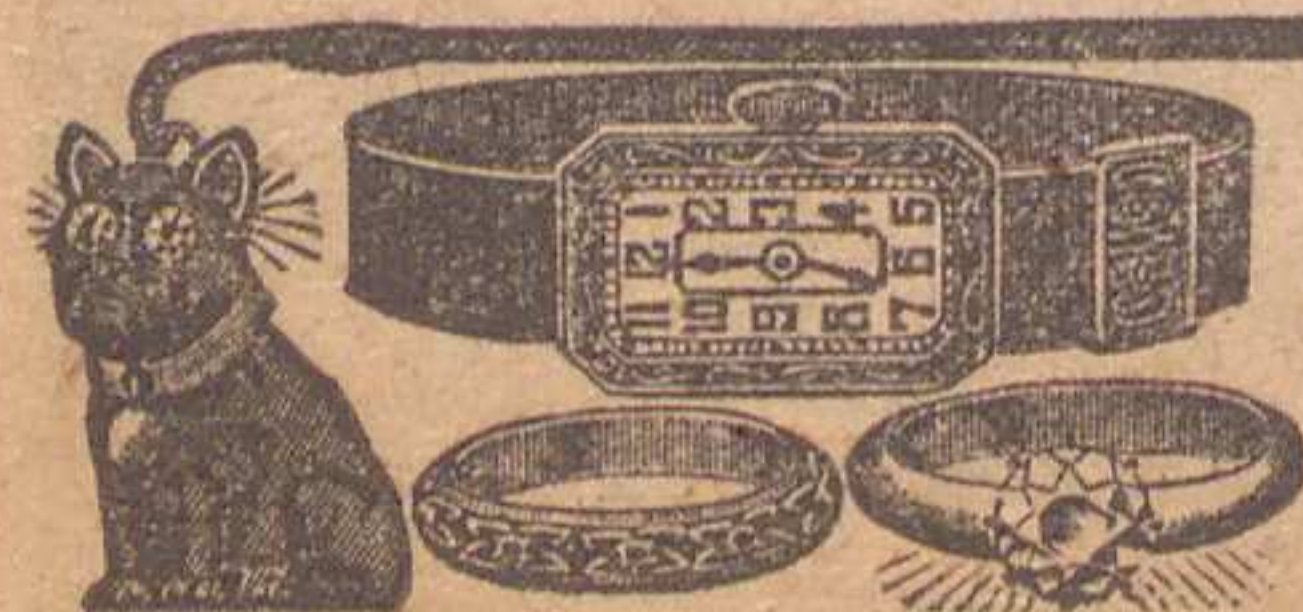
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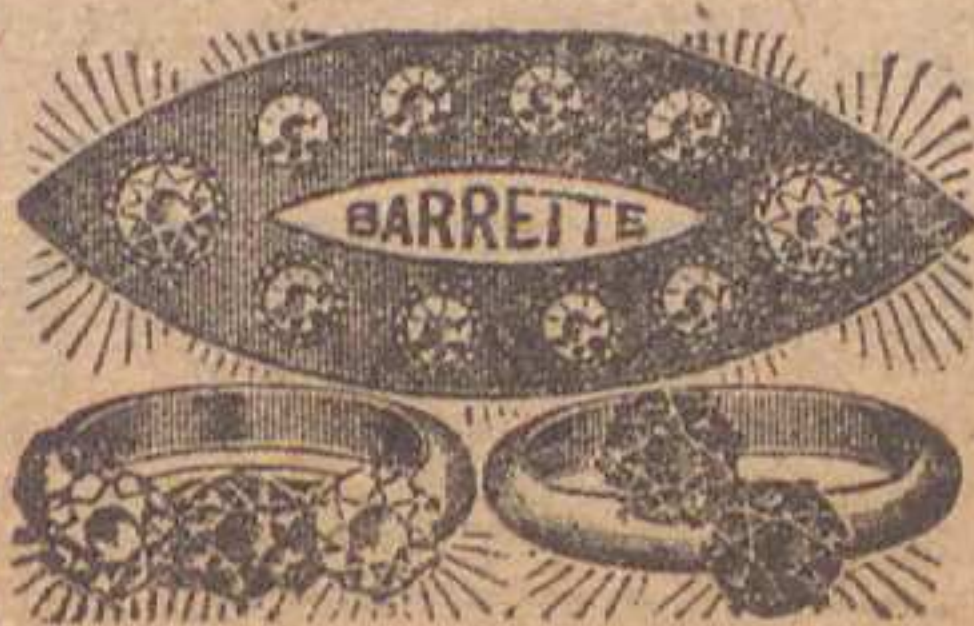
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BOY TRAPPED IN TREE BY ELECTRIC CURRENT

Trapped in a tree charged with hundreds of volts of electricity on Greendale Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., in the Green Court development recently. Valentine Becker, a 12-year old boy, of 18 Beekman avenue, was in imminent danger of death for several minutes until the power in the lines was shut off. Then Valentine was able to climb down to the street. He was not hurt, despite his nerve-racking experience.

Valentine had gone seeking horse chestnuts with several companions. He selected a tree and climbed up among the branches. Suddenly he found himself “fastened” to the tree. He could move but slightly. His cries attracted people in the vicinity, who saw that the tree was charged, and a hurry call was sent to Police Headquarters.

Chief Atwell and Patrolman Gleason hastened to the scene, while Lieutenant Curtis called the Westchester Lighting Company.

Rev. G. Hyer, superintendent of construction of the company, was apprised of the boy’s predicament.

Hyer telephoned to the company offices and gave instructions that the power be shut off.

FIRST PORT- ABLE WATCH

Although it is difficult to say exactly when the first watch was made, it may be taken that the pocket chronometer is now celebrating its fourth centenary.

Four hundred years ago someone invented the spiral spring which made the "portable clock" possible, and craftsmen in France and Germany manufactured the first watches.

Peter Hole of Nuremberg was among the earliest watchmakers. The watches he made were big and clumsy, and from their oval shape were known as "Nuremberg eggs."

Francois I. of France was probably one of the first possessors of a watch. It was a massive affair and perhaps somewhat of a burden to His Majesty, but it was regarded as a marvel of mechanism in those days. During the latter part of the sixteenth century watches became much smaller.

Cases were made in even more fanciful design than they are to-day, and fashionable folk wore watches in the form of death heads and coffins enriched with jewels. Women in the sixteenth century were wearing diminutive watches as earrings.

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For Luck in Love

Love is the greatest thing in the world. Why not have good luck in love? The Sheik, the world's most famous lover, the outstanding hero of gorgeous Arabian Nights conquers love. The Sheik Ring with his image on it is the symbol of this great lover's charm and power. Amazing stories are being told of good luck in love by prominent wearers. Get this Arabian Sheik Ring of unique design and unusual beauty adorned with gorgeous Ahmed ruby and emerald. **SEND NO MONEY.** Simply your name and address, also a strip of paper for size. Say whether lady's or gentleman's. When it arrives, simply deposit \$1.75 with mailman. Order today. Deposit promptly returned if not satisfied after 5 days.
SHEIK AHMED, Rand McNally Bldg., Dept. 11 Chicago

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Apply it to Any Rupture, Old or Recent,
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the Road That Has Con-
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You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name

Address

State

SEND NO MONEY



During this sale, will send this handsome watch, in beautiful case, fancy hands, sunk second hand, newest bow and crown, stem wind and stem set, a handsome model and fine timekeeper. Written guarantee with order. Pay Postmaster on arrival \$3.79—no more. Greatest bargain ever offered. Money back if not delighted.
**CRESCENT CO., Dept. 8,
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